

# The Sketch

No. 1248—Vol. XCVI.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1916.

SIXPENCE.



AN ARISTOCRATIC NURSE TO MARRY THE HEIR TO AN EARLDOM: THE HON. MARGARET BEAUMONT.

We give a new and very interesting portrait of the Hon. Margaret Beaumont, in her uniform as a nurse. In addition to being an active war-worker, Miss Beaumont, who is the eldest of the three daughters of Viscount and Viscountess Allendale, is of especial interest just now, as her engagement to Viscount Ebrington, the eldest

son of Earl and Countess Fortescue, was very recently announced. Lord Ebrington is a Captain in the 2nd Dragoons (Royal Scots Greys), and has been wounded during the Great War. Miss Beaumont's mother was the Lady Alexandrina Vane-Tempest-Stewart, daughter of the fifth Marquess of Londonderry.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.



## OF BABYLON—ANCIENT AND MODERN: A DAINTY DANCER.



## FROM MOTOR MECHANIC TO BABYLONIAN SLAVE: MISS PHYLLIS MONKMAN IN "SEE-SAW!" AT THE COMEDY.

Miss Phyllis Monkman is one of the chief attractions in the new "musical show" at the Comedy Theatre, "See-Saw!" As our photographs indicate, her costumes and characters see-saw from masculine to feminine, from the motor-mechanic's over-all trousers to the abbreviated skirt and flowing locks of a Babylonian slave girl. In the latter capacity, she appears in the principal show-scene of the piece, "The

Dancer of Babylon," which is laid in Egypt in the days of Antony and Cleopatra. Miss Monkman enacts the lovely slave who fascinates Antony and makes Cleopatra furiously jealous. She dances with her accustomed grace, and in the dénouement, adds a vivid touch of emotional acting, the more effective because it is unanticipated.—[Photographs by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]



"SHE NEVER FAILS TO PLEASE": PHYLLIS—OF THE COMEDY.



IN ONE OF HER STRIKING "SEE-SAW!" COSTUMES: MISS PHYLLIS MONKMAN.

On the opposite page we illustrate several of the costumes worn by Miss Phyllis Monkman in "See-Saw!" at the Comedy. Here is yet another, perhaps one of the most striking. But although "fine feathers make fine birds," it needs something more than dress to make a popular actress or a clever dancer—charm, for instance, and

temperament. Whatever her clothes may be, Miss Monkman, like the Phyllis of the old song, "never fails to please." In two of the scenes of "See-Saw!" she appears as merely "Phyllis." In another she is Maggie Mudge, and finally she is "the Dancer of Babylon."—[Photograph specially taken for "The Sketch" by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]





## THE FAIR FREE-BOOTED.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. (Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

WE women are shaking in our shoes, and well we may, when we are predicted by trade experts shoes at something like six pounds a pair! It seems that leather is disappearing fast—*hiding* itself, probably! What? Yet yesterday I saw an elegant woman crossing Bond Street in a pair of high mousquetaire boots in grey suède! Not like the Russian boots of last winter, lacing tightly up the calf, but wide things in which even an elephant might have felt comfy!

"If many women go in for the ogre's seven-league boots, the rest of us will be reduced to the direst and barest extremities," I remarked to the man I was with.

The You looked at the fashionable silhouette of the wide-booted lady, and said naively, "Poor old girl, she probably suffers from varicose veins!"

Oh, the simple soul of man!

I see the Military Authorities are puzzling over the moot point whether men blouse-experts are or are not indispensable to civilised and civilian life. It is quite true that, so far, men have proved themselves better "cutters" than women; but women are becoming so virile these days that perhaps they may be entrusted safely with the handling of lace and nixon!

And now, with the prevalence of the one-piece frock, blouses are not an absolute necessity. As for myself, simplicity has great charms. I'd be quite happy wrapped in a sheepskin and shod with sandals with blue ribbons, if only your climate was more encouraging.

An Arcadian costume under a dripping umbrella might not be an harmonious spectacle.

Dancing is a very pleasant form of altruism. How many pairs of shoes have women worn out this winter dancing for the wounded?

Spent a charming evening on Dec. 13 at the picturesque Jacobean Studio *chez* Miss Florence Parbury, the beautiful and talented artist and author whose Kashmir book, illustrated by herself, "The Emerald Set with Pearls," is being so much talked of. The dance was the first of a series of four private subscription dances to provide funds for the Wounded Tommies' Amusement Association. There will be three more such evenings on Jan. 1, 17, and 31, 1917.

Then, on the 19th, went to a "Cigarette Dance" organised by

Miss Harding at the house of Mrs. Clifford Brookes in Hampstead. The idea is quite a good one, as each visitor holding a ticket may give in the name of a soldier friend abroad to whom cigarettes may be sent for New Year without duty. So when you are "whiffing"

the latest box opened, I hope you will enjoy your cigarette all the more, and perhaps see Her in the spirals of the smoke, dancing in the air, and smiling with that when-you-come-home smile that renders even the desert less lonesome.

Thank you to four of yours for the following letter. Many readers will disagree with yours. As for me, you can chaff as much as you like—I like it! By the way, who is the one who has met me? Is he one of those who signed this?

DEAR PHRYNETTE,—About a fortnight ago you wrote a paragraph about the English *menu* in which you malign the good old English fare of potatoes. Our indignation has risen to such a pitch that we cannot let this pass. It has always been entirely beyond our comprehension why the French, whose language and women are the most beautiful and fascinating in the world, should have such an appallingly bad taste in food. During the brief periods of rest behind the line we sometimes manage to visit a really big town.

We were in such a place a few days ago, and dined at the best hotel in the town, the name of which I mustn't divulge, of course; but I can assure you it is a very big and important town. You can imagine our indignation and horror

when the pretty serving-maid placed before each of us a plate on the centre of which reposed two dignified Brussels sprouts, both indifferently cooked. And this the *patron* assured us was a course! Altogether, the meal was so artificial that we were very sorry we were not carrying our emergency rations with us! Don't imagine, dear Phrynette, for one moment that we are grouching; but, after all, you must agree that one well-cooked English potato is far more substantial and satisfying than two very raw Brussels sprouts. Since you mention the prevalence of the potato in the English bill-of-fare, what about the everlasting, greasy, oily

omelette, the only meal that can be served in a French eating-house in under half-an-hour?

"But the French, on the whole, are such delightful people,



"How many pairs of shoes have women worn out this winter dancing for the wounded?"



"I see the military authorities are puzzling over the moot point as to whether men blouse-experts are or are not indispensable."



so we will stop ragging them because they don't know how to feed."

I am very surprised to hear these shocking revelations concerning Brussels sprouts, for not only does the French cook boil her vegetables, but she "jumps" them in a buttered frying-pan afterwards. Those sprouts of yours must have been fire-proof! In the firing-line!

We sound very much like a circle of epicures. Yet we could



"An Arcadian costume under a dripping umbrella might not be a harmonious spectacle."

not have chosen a worse time for food fancies! It's just as well, for your wife's household budget, that you do not like omelettes, with eggs at four shillings a dozen!

One good effect of the rise in food prices will be to teach us the value and values of things we cook, and, perhaps, also how to cook them! Who knows that it may not become very fashionable to cook? When all domestic servants will be in the employ of the Government, vegetable-paring parties (shelling peas to the accompaniment of social gossip, and scraping carrots while match-making), the salon held in the kitchen may become a Society craze. Marketing expeditions may be, one of these days, as much the thing as a yachting trip!

One of our French novelists once wrote that the American girl knew Paris better than she knew her father's kitchen! It did not apply to American girls only, had our wit observed nearer home!

I went to a quaint foreign restaurant the other night, and there was a customer who, after having ordered his food to be brought to the table, cooked it himself in a chafing-dish, while we watched, fascinated.

Who knows that to the fashionable woman the oven may yet become as interesting to manipulate and master as the latest car?

Apropos of cars, isn't it shruggingly amusing that whereas we women are entrusted with the driving of ambulances and are allowed to drive our own car, undertake successfully even more difficult tasks—the management, bringing up, and protection of our husband (oh, but yes!)—and that Nature has seen fit to put the burden of the race in our arms—isn't it rather surprising, to say the least of it, that we should be refused the simple task of driving a taxi? At least, it is so in London. Big towns are sometimes ridiculously backward in those matters. I remember, as a child, in the little country town in France where we spent our holidays, a fat, old-fashioned, middle-aged woman who was the job-mistress of the place, and herself drove the two

or three vehicles she owned—a landau for wedding parties, a char-a-banc for rustic summer excursions, and—the hearse for the last trip of her co citizens! Wake up, London!

To a readeress from the country who asks my advice as regards her daughter eager to do war-work. I would have answered you privately, but cannot decipher your address. My opinion, based on the experiences of several of my girl friends (with nursing experience), is that there are many more nurses than patients! At least, this is judging by the difficulty one has to get a post such as your daughter requires.

She could certainly go in for a three years' course of training in any hospital, provided she is strong enough and can pass some simple exams; but I understand that it is *now* she wants to help, and I hope we won't be doing war work in three years from now! Why not clerical work? Since you are kind enough to seem to attach some value to my opinion, may I say that it might be a good plan for you and your daughter to come up to town for some time and see the conditions here for yourselves, and then write to the War Office stating her qualifications? I understand that there are places—such as the Labour Exchange in Great Marlborough Street, to name only one—at which one can obtain particulars more definite than those I could furnish.

Thank you for your kind words of appreciation, and my good wishes to your daughter for a successful and useful career.

To A.—Many thanks for your letter. I think a badge is more effective, as a wrist-band, on a plain black moiré ribbon. No, you must choose it yourself—it will have all the more value in her eyes. A very happy leave to you.



"The French women are so delightful."



"Paring vegetables, and scraping carrots while match-making, may become a Society craze."



# SMALL TALK

MRS. Edith Wharton, who has managed to be smart in book form as well as in life, and whose wit is a living reproach to the doll-like beauties who "have no time for writing," has herself given house-room to the world of dolls—real dolls made by refugee children from Flanders. She has housed the children and their wares in her beautiful home near Paris, and the toys are selling like hot cakes for Christmas. So, too, is Mrs. Wharton's new book of short stories—the best, according to some critics, she has written—and written, much of it, in the intervals of motor-ambulance work.

*Castles in Spain.* It was Mrs. Wharton, if I remember aright, who records the American woman's apt phrase for one of Lord Devonport's half-courses. "No soup, thank you," she said, when a hostess, confident of her cook's soups, personally recommended a *crème velouté*. "No, thank you; I never build on a swamp." That, of course, was before we had a Minister of the Interior; it would be a brave man, or woman, nowadays who refused such a useful "half," or who dared talk about "building" with the restricted materials of a censored dinner!

## Lions in the Meat Market.

Talking of food, I see that Lady Tree has gone even farther than the heroine of the soup story. She has cut out all meat courses. For three months she has been a vegetarian; and so little is done these days in the way of dining out that nobody knew anything about her conversion. Lady Tenterden, however, found her out the other day, and promptly booked her to speak at a bazaar organised by the London Vegetarian Society. At the same time, as it happens, Lady Diana Manners and some girl friends (who include, of course, the remaining Tree) are busying themselves at Smithfield! On Tuesday they carried their Christ-

## Gabrielle.

Brick Street, Piccadilly, boasts one of the most satisfactory and sensible of feminine enterprises—a workshop where the mechanics and driving of a car can be learned by women. The Hon. Gabrielle Borthwick is, to a great extent, the overseer and boss of the establishment—a new rôle for a Gabrielle, if you like! Hitherto the name has meant anything between a mild edition of an angel and a musical-comedy star; now it spells overalls and proficiency with a spanner. Miss Borthwick is a daughter of the sixteenth Baron, and counts a Susanna, a Harriet, and an Isolde among her relatives in the family's later generations. Susanna, particularly, has a sound of belonging to the elders; and Harriet is as bygone as hansom cabs. Perhaps, after all, Gabrielle, with its suggestion of wings, is as fit a name as another to paint on the petrol-cans.

*Cars or Babies?* While the Hon. Gabrielle Borthwick is busy with petrol and pupils, the Duchess of Marlborough perseveres to good purpose among the babies. The Marlborough School of Mothercraft is to be opened in Trebovir Road in February, with the Duchess for President, and Lady Isobel Margesson, Lady Phyllis Windsor Clive, Lady Plunket, and several more, including doctors of both sexes, on her board. That the school bears her name is a fact of which she says she is prouder than anything else that has ever happened to her.

*Lord Paramount.* Captain Chichester-Constable, son of Lieutenant-Colonel Chichester-Constable, of Constable-Burton, will shortly marry Miss Gladys Consuelo Hanley, of Eaton Place. Not Consuela, mark you! The "o" in this case is perfectly proper and feminine. To Lieut.-Colonel Chichester-Constable belong as many fine-sounding titles as can fall to the lot of a commoner: he is, among other things,

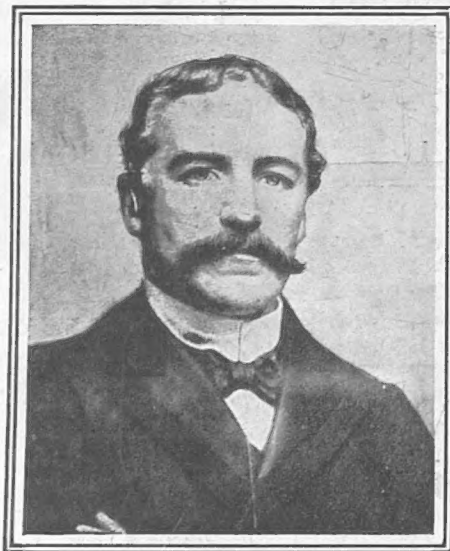


A NEW PORTRAIT GROUP: LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER THE HON. JOSEPH MONTAGUE KENWORTHY, R.N., WITH HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN.

The Hon. Joseph Montague Kenworthy is the elder son of Baron Strabolgi. The Hon. Mrs. Kenworthy was Miss Doris Whitley, only child of Sir Frederick Whitley Whitley-Thomson, and was married in 1913. Her elder boy, David Montague de Burgh, was born the following year, and the younger, Jonathan Malcolm Atholl, this year.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

mas enterprises into the market, distributing Christmas packets, and selling little metal Lions of Flanders in aid of the Belgian Children's Fund.

Lord Paramount of the Seignory of Holderness, and Lord of the Manors of Burton-Constable and Wycliffe—handsome words, all of them.



A NEW PEER: THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES STUART-WORTLEY, P.C.

Mr. Stuart-Wortley, one of the two new Peers, is a Privy Councillor, and is M.P. for the Hallam Division of Sheffield. He entered Parliament thirty-six years ago, and has twice been Under-Secretary for the Home Office. He is a Deputy-Chairman of Committee, and a member of the Chairman's Panel for Standing Committees. The new Peer was sworn of the Privy Council twenty years ago.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



DAUGHTER OF A NEW PEER: MISS CLARE STUART-WORTLEY.

Miss Clare Stuart-Wortley is the daughter of the Right Hon. Charles Stuart-Wortley, M.P. for the Hallam Division of Sheffield. Mr. Stuart-Wortley is a grandson of the first Earl of Wharnccliffe, and Miss Clare Stuart-Wortley is his daughter by his second wife, a daughter of Sir John Everett Millais, P.R.A.—[Photo. by Swaine.]



A NEW PEER: SIR MAX AITKEN.

Sir Max Aitken, upon whom a peerage has been conferred, is of Canadian birth, a successful financier, M.P. for Ashton-under-Lyne, and a friend of Mr. Bonar Law. He is a very able man, and a son of the late Rev. William Aitken, of New Brunswick. Sir (William) Maxwell Aitken (to give him his full patronymic) is married to a daughter of Brigadier-General Sir Charles William Drury, C.B., of Halifax, Nova Scotia, and has a daughter and two sons.

Photograph by Swaine.



## STRIPED HEELS AND ALL—"MARY C. PATERSON."



*In "See-Saw": Miss Eileen Molyneux, at the Comedy.*

A whole host of cooks have gone to the making of the bill-of-fare at the Comedy Theatre, and one of them, or their "Editor," Mr. R. C. Carton, has given the production a new definition. According to the programme, "See-Saw!" is not a revue, but a "musical show." Well, "a rose by any other name—," and as the piece is amusing, rich in that much-sought "variety" which is expected in these

restless days, and is very beautifully staged and "dressed," it should prove popular. Moreover, it serves to make use of the charm and talent of a number of attractive actresses, one of the most popular of whom is Miss Eileen Molyneux, who is clever, pretty, daintily dressed, and does all that she has to do so agreeably that there well might be more of it.—[Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]





"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY: GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

# MOTLEY NOTES



BY KEBLE HOWARD  
("Chicot.")

## THE HERO COMES HOME.

A CHRISTMAS REVUE.

Scene I.—A Dug-Out.

OUR SUBALTERN. Another thirty-six hours, my boy, and I'll be in good old London Town!

A PAL. What'll you do?

OUR SUB. Oh, I've got it all mapped out! The first thing I do is to go straight to the Hotel Grand Royal Majestic in a taxi, engage a suite of rooms, and order a topping dinner! Then to the Turkish Baths! Then back to dinner with Harry Fetton. Then a box at the King Edward. I want to see that play, "The Love Garden." Then to the hotel for a real good sleep in a real bed. Breakfast, and so home for the Christmas festivities. How's that sound?

A PAL. Sounds like a bally fairy-tale. Half your luck, old sport!

Scene II.—At the Railway-Station.

OUR SUB. Here you are, porter. Shove these things on a taxi.

PORTER. I'll 'ave to get another boy to 'elp me, Captin'. 'Ello—'Arry! 'Elp wanted!

OUR SUB. Can you manage it between you?

PORTER. Rawver! But there ain't no taxi, Sir.

OUR SUB. No taxi? Nonsense! There must be a taxi somewhere!

Scene V.—At the Theatre.

OUR SUB. I want a box.

BOX-OFFICE MANAGER. For which performance?

OUR SUB. To-night's performance.

BOX-OFFICE MANAGER. There's no show to-night.

OUR SUB. No show? Why on earth not?

BOX-OFFICE MANAGER. People won't turn out at night. We have matinées only.

OUR SUB. Well, I'm——! Come on, Harry, old thing, we must try a revue.

Scene VI.—At Home.

OUR SUB. Hullo, Mater! Hullo, Pater! Hullo, Mabs! Hullo, young Dick!

ALL. Doesn't he look *clean*!

OUR SUB. Didn't expect me to arrive caked in mud, did you? Where's the Christmas-tree?

DICK. There isn't one this year.

OUR SUB. No Christmas-tree? Why not? All too old?

PATER. We thought it a needless extravagance.

OUR SUB. Oh, well, never mind. Here are some things I bought this morning. That's for you, Mater! Something for you, Dad!



THE *POUPÉE* AS MANNEQUIN: PARISIAN DOLLS FOR GROWN-UPS, REPRESENTING CHANGES OF FASHION.

A series of elegant and expensive dolls showing ten years' changes of fashion is now to be found in Paris. Of the above five, that on the left represents the year 1914, the next, 1915, and the rest, 1916.—[Photograph by C.N.]

PORTER. May be one somewhere, but there ain't one 'ere, Sir. 'Ave a nice four-wheeler?

OUR SUB. Oh, all right. Here you are. Carry on, cabby!

Scene III.—At the Hotel.

OUR SUB. I want the best suite in the hotel—bedroom, sitting-room, and bath.

CLERK. Sorry, Sir. No suites vacant. All booked up months ago.

OUR SUB. Good Lord! Why, they told me London was practically deserted!

CLERK. Never been so full since I've known it, Sir.

OUR SUB. Well, what can you do for me?

CLERK. I might get the Boots to let you have his room. He does let it on occasion. It's a nice airy little room at the top of the hotel. Grand view of London in the morning.

OUR SUB. Oh, all right. If that's the best you can do——

Scene IV.—In the Restaurant.

OUR SUB. Now, look here, waiter. I want a very special dinner. We'll begin with oysters, and then we'll have some soup, and then a nice sole, and after that——

WAITER. And after that you'll have finished your dinner, Sir.

OUR SUB. Oh, shall I? That's where you make a mistake, my friend. After that I shall want roast turkey——

WAITER. Not allowed to serve more than three courses, Sir. New regulation.

OUR SUB. New regulation? Are you all mad in London?

WAITER. You may not know it, Sir, but there happens to be a war on.

A rotten old brooch for you, Mabs! A deadly pistol for you, young Dick! Anybody got anything for me?

DICK. There aren't any presents this year.

OUR SUB. No presents? I say, this is a bit thick!

MATER. We didn't expect, of course, that you would bring any. It was very sweet and kind of you, but oughtn't you to save your pay?

OUR SUB. Save my pay? What's the good of saving my pay? When the British Government's spending six millions a day, I should think we could have a bit of a kick-up at Christmas! . . .

Still, I expect you're right. I'll go for a stroll and think it over.

MABS. Shall I come?

OUR SUB. Eh? Oh, I think I'll go alone this time, old girl.

Scene VII.—In a Drawing-Room.

OUR SUB. Hullo!

PHYLLIS. Hullo! I heard you were expected.

OUR SUB. I say, what's gone wrong with everyone? They all seem to have altered since I went away.

PHYLLIS. What did you expect? I suppose we realise the war more at home than you do out there.

OUR SUB. I suppose you do. Still, it's not very cheery to find everybody changed. Have you changed?

PHYLLIS. Only in some ways.

OUR SUB. Just before I went back last time, you gave me something—something rather nice. I—I wonder if you've changed about that?

PHYLLIS. How can we find out?

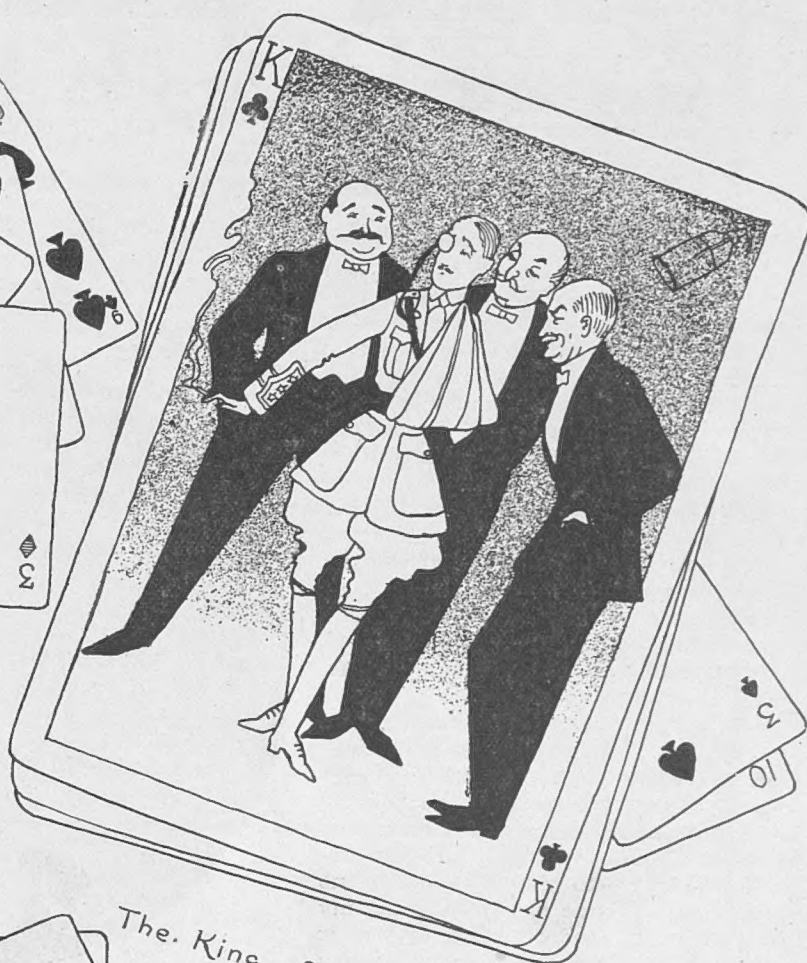
(Anyway, they did. And she hadn't.)



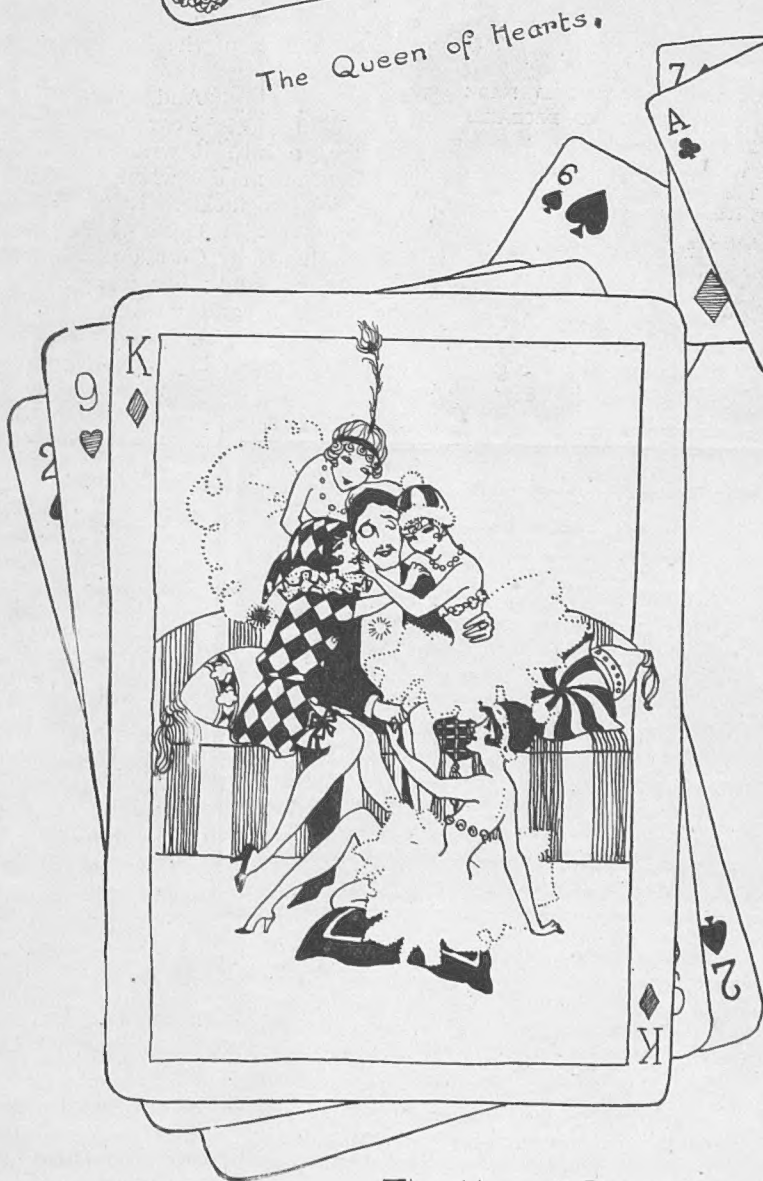
MORALS OF MACKENZIE : CARDS.



The Queen of Hearts.



The King of Clubs.



The King of Diamonds.



The Queen of Spades.





# THE CLUBMAN

CHRISTMAS PAST AND PRESENT: RESOLUTIONS AND HOPES: THE NEW YEAR'S PROMISE.

## The Country Lads at the War.

Last year at Christmas I missed the village band that used to come round the countryside. The lads who played in that band were all then away at the war, and, whatever may have happened to them, they are not yet back in their native hamlet. The old women meet at the post-office or by the sundial put up more than a century ago in honour of the Battle of Waterloo—a battle that to-day we should count as no more than a skirmish—and show each other the post-cards that have come to them from France and Egypt, Salonika and Mesopotamia, and wonder what their grandsons are doing, and whether they are feeding on the fat of the land or are rationed on tinned beef and biscuits.

## No Waits.

Last year there were no restrictions on travelling, and therefore I went down for my Christmas to the village of my boyhood. This year I submitted myself—if not willingly, at least uncomplainingly—to the discipline of no Christmas journeys, and spent my Christmas in London, which is almost as dark as the common of a country village, and I listened for the Waits, but heard none. It has always been a pleasure to me, when I have spent a Christmas in London, to be wakened in the dead of night by voices singing the Christmas hymns and the old carols, and to doze off to sleep again with the music still in my ears. This year no Waits sang under my window, and I wonder whether the men of the choirs are away fighting, and the women and girls munition-making. Anyway, I missed the sudden bursts of sacred song in the still streets, and regretted the absence of the choristers.

## "Good King Wenceslas."

The only Christmas song I heard came from two little fellows who had evidently been to school practice, and were coming back through the dark streets singing in pleasant treble the carol "Good King Wenceslas." It brought up to me house singing night at "Monkey's" at Harrow, when John Farmer, in the pupil-room, dragooned us into disciplined singing of the Harrow songs and the carols. "King Wenceslas" was a favourite with all of us, and we did not alter the words as we did those of some of the songs—to old Farmer's despair.

## The Page's Cold Feet.

I turned and followed those two youngsters down the street just for the pleasure of listening to their singing. Had they required prompting I could have given them the words, croaking them to the old tune, but they sang on clear and confident, and told the whole story of

the miracle that warmed the feet of the little page. No one knows the discomfort of cold feet so well as a schoolboy does, which is probably the reason why "Good King Wenceslas" is the schoolboys' favourite carol.

## Christmas Cacophony.

Another attempt at Christmas minstrelsy which could hardly be called music I listened to on a dark night. Down a side-street I heard a knocker rap two single knocks, and then a raucous man's voice and a woman's whine commenced "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing" as much out of tune as is possible to the human voice. Evidently two of the street singers who depend for effect on cacophonous whine had noticed, as I had done, the absence of the Waits this year, and thought there was an honest penny to be turned by taking their place. Next Christmas I hope the village bands will play on the lawn or gravel drive outside the country houses whose windows blaze with light, and that we Londoners, our swords hung again above the heads of our beds, may be roused to sleepy wakefulness by the singing of the Waits.

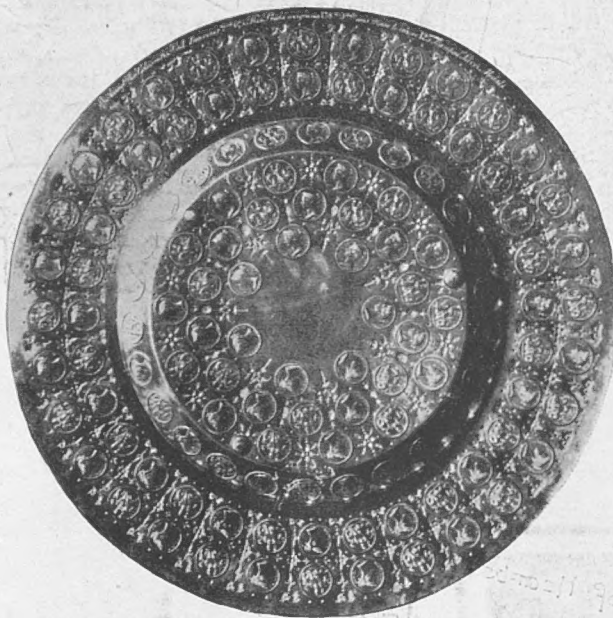
## The New Year.

And now the New Year is coming close, and we go into it with quiet resolve, as Englishmen do when they have a tough job to tackle. It seemed to us all that at the close of summer we had the big bully Germany almost out, and that he could not last another round; but war is a game more uncertain than cricket, and rain and mud stopped us in the West, while in the East Germany and her allies raided Roumania for her grain and oil, and scored points in beating a weak people while the hands of the strong peoples were tied.

## The Glory of Verdun.

But like a mural crown of diamonds glows on the head of the departing year the glory of Verdun. Before that battered town the French soldiers have shown themselves as stubborn in defence as they are fiery in attack, and have extorted admiration even from the bitter enemy. We, their Allies, hail them as comrades with whom it is an honour to stand

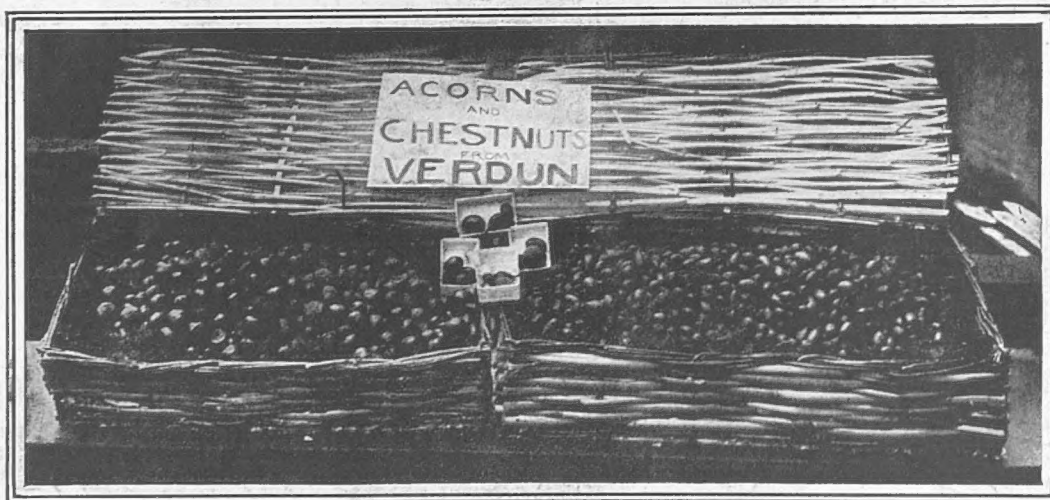
shoulder to shoulder. Behind the curtain of the winter Russia's hosts are moving—we all trust, fully armed and munitioned; while we, proud of the deeds of our old armies and new, and determined to make any sacrifice that may be necessary, take our belt up a couple of holes and start the New Year with a silent determination to carry the thing through and to enforce our terms upon the enemy—terms that shall strike the sword out of his hand.



A RELIC OF "BATTLES LONG AGO": A SHIELD MADE IN 1875 FROM UN-CLAIMED WAR-MEDALS OF DECEASED PENSIONERS AT GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

An inscription round the edge of the shield reads: "Assay Office, Goldsmiths' Hall, Dec. 2, 1875. This shield, weighing 138 oz. 9 dwt., was made to receive 125 stamped silver medals."

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



TO GROW INTO SOUVENIR TREES: ACORNS AND CHESTNUTS FROM VERDUN SOLD AT THE EUSTON MATINÉE FOR DISABLED SOLDIERS.

Ever since Lord French picked up some chestnuts at Verdun with a view to planting a memorial avenue in his grounds, there has been a "run" on the chestnuts and acorns, which are plentiful there, for similar purposes. The Mayor of Verdun sent a supply to the L. and N.W.R. for their matinée, held at Euston on Dec. 16, in aid of the fund for their employees disabled in the war.—[Photograph by Topical.]



## LIVING ALDINS: "THE (VERY) HAPPY FAMILY."



THE "ANIMAL PLAY" AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S: CHARACTERS.

Mr. Cecil Aldin's covetable skill and pleasant humour in drawing animals are so well known that it was a foregone conclusion that his "Happy Family" would be just as acceptable and amusing on the stage as in the pages of one of his delightful books, and our pictures show how well costumer and modeller, and the little living players, have realised the artist-author's creations. "The Happy Family" is a production which

young people will thoroughly enjoy, and there is good acting in it by clever children, and capital lyrics and music by Mr. Adrian Ross and Mr. Cuthbert Clarke. One of the brightest bits of acting is that of Miss Fabia Drake, as Eisie Pennorthorne, seen in one of our pictures talking to Jim the Sheep-dog, *in propria persona*—a character afterwards skilfully impersonated by Master Cyril Doughty. The production is "for matinees only."

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield. Ltd., and Illustrations Bureau.





# CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER'S



ENGAGED TO THE REV. H. R. E. MORGAN: MISS MARJORIE LAWFORD. Miss Lawford is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lancelot Lawford, of Bathurst, New South Wales, Australia. The Rev. H. R. E. Morgan is Vicar of Windmill Hill, Bristol, and late Chaplain to the Forces in France.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

his sign. The peer, the actor, and the metal-worker are not seldom lumped into one lot with those other Benson brothers, the priest, the novelist, and the professor; but each trio is distinct, and quite talented enough to do credit to two separate sets of parents.

Talking of the *Those Private Secs.* lexicographer, I see that the Clarendon Press dedicated its edition of Johnson selections to Mr. Asquith. It seems he deserves well of the Doctor and his editors; he never misquotes him. All Mr. Asquith's tastes in literature are formal and correct; he never misquotes anybody, unless he wilfully mangles the extreme Moderns over the breakfast-table, as one way of checking the advanced poetic enthusiasms of Anthony, and of his private secretaries. Mr. Asquith, I take it, now loses the services of his own Boswells, at any rate for the time being. Both Mr. Bonham Carter and Mr. "Eddie" Marsh are liberated from a position that had many charms for them, since it brought them into constant touch with a man of mind and personality. Mr. Marsh has twice been deserted, so to speak, by his chief. He was private secretary to Winston during the great days, and since then to Asquith, during greater still. Both Ministers have "fallen," but I



WORKING AS A V.A.D. NURSE IN FRANCE: MISS ALICE SALVIDGE. Miss Salvidge, who has been working assiduously in France for the past year, as a V.A.D. nurse, is the daughter of Sir Archibald and Lady Salvidge, of The King's Gap, Hoylake, Cheshire.—[Photograph by Bacon.]

GOUGH SQUARE, usually given over to loud-throated carters and preoccupied lawyers, was the scene the other day of a pleasant meeting of members of the Atlantic Union and wounded officers and men from Australia. Lord and Lady Charnwood helped to do the honours, in the house that Dr. Johnson once inhabited; and other interesting people explored the square, and did their best to propitiate its long-banished ghosts. Lord Charnwood is "up" in Johnson, Lichfield being one of his homes. He is a Benson, a brother of the actor, and of the metal-worker whose shop in Bond Street still is, despite the big *Was* over the window—the W.A.S. Benson of

certain nights, one is grateful to the man who persists on the principle of keeping things going. A victory at Verdun, and Sir Thomas's "La Tosca" is justified! The man who manages to have a great show running the day peace is declared (albeit prepared in war-time) will be a national hero.

*The Aldwych Crowd.* Sir Thomas is ably and persistently backed by certain leading ladies in the boxes as well as on the stage. This backing, needless to say, would be quite superfluous on the financial side; on the moral side it has its very definite uses. Lady Cunard, in her way, is as important at the Aldwych as any of Sir Thomas's discoveries in



WIFE OF A WELL-KNOWN OFFICER: MRS. PAUL ALEXANDER. Mrs. Paul Alexander is the wife of Captain Paul Alexander, who went to France with the original Expeditionary Force, in 1914. Both Captain and Mrs. Alexander are well known in the Irish hunting field. Photograph by Bassano.

the singing line, or as Percy Pitt, or the most valued first violin. She had a party for "La Tosca," and intends to usher in all the revivals with a certain amount of first-night ceremony. Lady Huntingdon's party in the stalls included Mr. and Lady Kathleen Curzon-Herrick.

*Peace-Work.* "What instructions for the declaration of peace?" is a favourite conundrum at the front, and is answered by all the wheezes dear to soldiers. Three black rockets will be fired, along with volleys from noiseless rifles. "Right about turn; rabble order to the sea!" is a favourite solution of a problem much discussed among subalterns. But some are less hopeful of being allowed to issue such brief and satisfactory directions. There is talk of a monster roll-call and review before leaving France—on such a scale that Generals will fall in, and have a taste of the fatigues of parades. How joyful to hear a Brigadier told to "dress by your right, No. 3," and to see No. 17 (a Colonel) reproved for turning out with unpolished buttons! Flights of fancy, all this, like peace itself. Such is the attitude of the average soldier.

*Yeats's Campaign.* The old theory that a poet must be dead before he's read has



A WELL-KNOWN WAR-WORKER ENGAGED: MISS IRIS PARSONS. Miss Parsons has been an energetic war-worker since the outbreak of hostilities. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Rexford Parsons, of Draycott Place, S.W., and her engagement to Captain Roderick McLeod Mitchell, Veomanry, son of Mr. Roderick Mitchell, J.P., Imperial Consul for Persia in London, and Mrs. Mitchell, of Terrace Houses, Richmond, is announced.—[Photograph by Yevonde.]

imagine Mr. Marsh could have a feeling of something like disloyalty were he to attach himself to any of the Ministers now in power.

*Winter Opera.* Sir Thomas Beecham carries on, and the opening of his new season at the Aldwych seemed all the more gallant by reason of the bad days during which it occurred. War affairs were at their lowest ebb; but his bâton flourished as gaily as ever, and by the time he and the company had got properly going, the news was better and the town's mood happier. Whatever may be one's settled attitude towards war-time entertainment, it is impossible to deny that at certain moments, and on

been amply verified in the case of Rupert Brooke, and of one or two other soldier-singers. Far more curious and unexpected is the posthumous excitement about Sir Hugh Lane's pictures. There seems no good reason why a collector's pictures—by men who have been dead for years—should become either more or less desirable at that collector's death. Sir Hugh Lane was a man of delightful manners and great persuasiveness, and yet both Dublin and our own National Gallery met his offer of works of art with rebuffs. Now they are contending for the possession of these same things. Mr. W. B. Yeats tells me that Dublin has prior claim; but Sir Hugh pressed her with all his powers to accept.



TO MARRY 2ND LIEUT. L. McARTHUR GORDON: MISS HELEN V. HOLBECH. Miss Holbeche is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Holbeche, of Malvern. 2nd-Lieut. Gordon, Cameronians, is the son of Dr. and Mrs. James Gordon, of Annalong, Co. Down.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]



## AN INCOMPARABLE COMPÈRE: ONE OF THE RIGHT SORT.



AS COMPÈRE IN THE FRENCH REVUE SCÈNE OF "HOUP-LA!" AT THE ST. MARTIN'S THEATRE:

MISS VERA NEVILLE.

The godfather of revue is a very different kind of person from the godfather of private life. Some people might be glad to effect an exchange, if they could acquire so charming a sponsor as Miss Vera Neville, even if it meant doing without the traditional silver mug.

Miss Neville takes the part of Compère in the French Revue scene in the Second Act of "Houp-La!" at the St. Martin's. Our photograph shows her in costume for the character. The Commère is Miss Valerie May.—[Camera Portrait by Lallie Charles.]



"GREETINGS" (*SENSU SCOTTICO*).



"INDEED, INDEED, REPENTANCE OF I SWORE."

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



## DOING DOUBLE DUTY AT CHRISTMAS-TIME—AT THE STRAND.



"A BELLE OF NEW YORK," AT THE STRAND THEATRE—AND ALSO MAID MARIAN: MISS IRIS HOEY  
AS THE BELLE.

That charming and clever young actress, Miss Iris Hoey, will find it difficult to realise that Christmas is for some a time of holiday, for, to the delight of playgoers of all ages, she is appearing at the Strand Theatre during the holidays in two productions: as the pretty and piquant heroine in "The Belle of New York," in the evenings, and as Maid Marian in "Babes in the Wood," the pantomime given at matinées. By this

dual undertaking, Miss Hoey will give playgoers a double pleasure, and our photographs show how charming she is in the rôle first made famous in London by Miss Edna May. It is plucky of Miss Hoey to undertake two arduous rôles every day, and her many admirers will have still further reason to applaud her success. The characters are in sharp contrast: a new proof of versatility.—[Photographs by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]



# THE R.F.C.

"Who said . . . Hornets . . . ?"  
I do not care to say too much, because  
our fellows may get conceited . . .  
but . . . "Hats off" to the R.F.C.  
Pilot . . . he is entitled to the . . .  
"silver wing" and the best Cigarette in the  
world, so heave along an "Army Club."



CAVANDER'S

## "Army Club"

### CIGARETTES

20 for 9d., 50 for 1/10½, 100 for 3/9.

We will post 200 "Army Club" Cigarettes to any members of the Expeditionary Forces for 6/-, packed in air-tight tins of 50's. Order from your Tobacconist, or direct from CAVANDER'S, Glasgow. The Firm of Three Centuries. London Postal Address: 167, Strand, London, W.C.

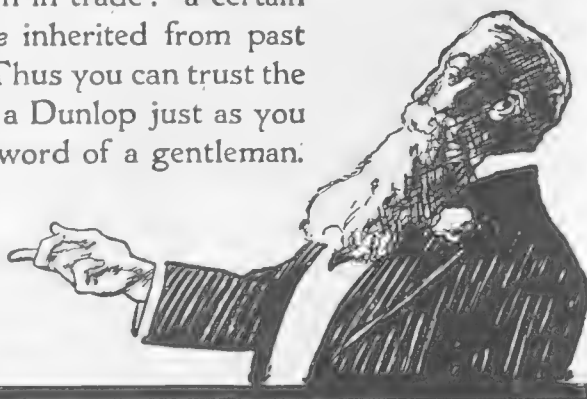


For a mellow non-bite Mixture try  
**CAVANDER'S "ARMY MIXTURE"**  
7½d. per oz. 2/6 ¼-lb. tin.

### DUNLOP DISCOURSE.

(1)

Believe me, there is something in pedigree, even in trade: a certain *noblesse oblige* inherited from past traditions. Thus you can trust the behaviour of a Dunlop just as you can take the word of a gentleman.



**Wilson & Gill**

"THE GOLDSMITHS,"  
139, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

TIME EASILY READABLE  
IN THE DARK

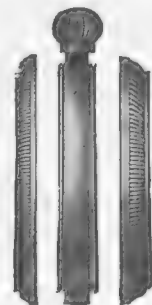
GUARANTEED  
TIMEKEEPER

9-ct. Gold  
£6 10 0

Solid Silver,  
£2 15 0



18-ct. Gold,  
£9 15 0



WILSON & GILL'S FAMED "SERVICE" WRISTLET WATCH,  
WITH WHITE or BLACK DIAL, LUMINOUS FIGURES AND HANDS.

Section showing Damp  
and Dust-proof Front  
and Back Unscrewed.

Wilson and Gill's "Service" Wristlet Watches are fitted with an extra stout and practically unbreakable bevelled crystal glass. Immense numbers are now in use, and have proved their thorough reliability during the present campaign.

### ALFRED WEBB MILES & CO.

12, 10, 8 & 6, BROOK ST.,  
Hanover Square, LONDON, W.

EST. 1841.

### BRITISH WARMS

Khaki Serge, lined Fleece  
£3 · 15 · 0

Extra-heavy Khaki Fleece, unlined  
£3 · 15 · 0

Khaki Lambswool (extra quality), lined  
Fleece - - - £4 · 4 · 0

A choice selection of fur-lined Warms  
at moderate prices.

### TRENCH COATS

*Spécialité*

Double-Breasted Trench Coats, inter-  
lined oil-silk throughout, and detachable  
Fleece linings  
£4 · 15 · 0 and £6 · 15 · 0

Drencher Coats, interlined to waist  
and through sleeves with oil-silk  
£3 · 3 · 0 and £3 · 15 · 0

A large assortment of the above in all sizes ready for immediate wear.  
Estimates sent on application for full Service Kit and Equipment.

**CADETS' OUTFITS complete - - £6 · 15 · 0**

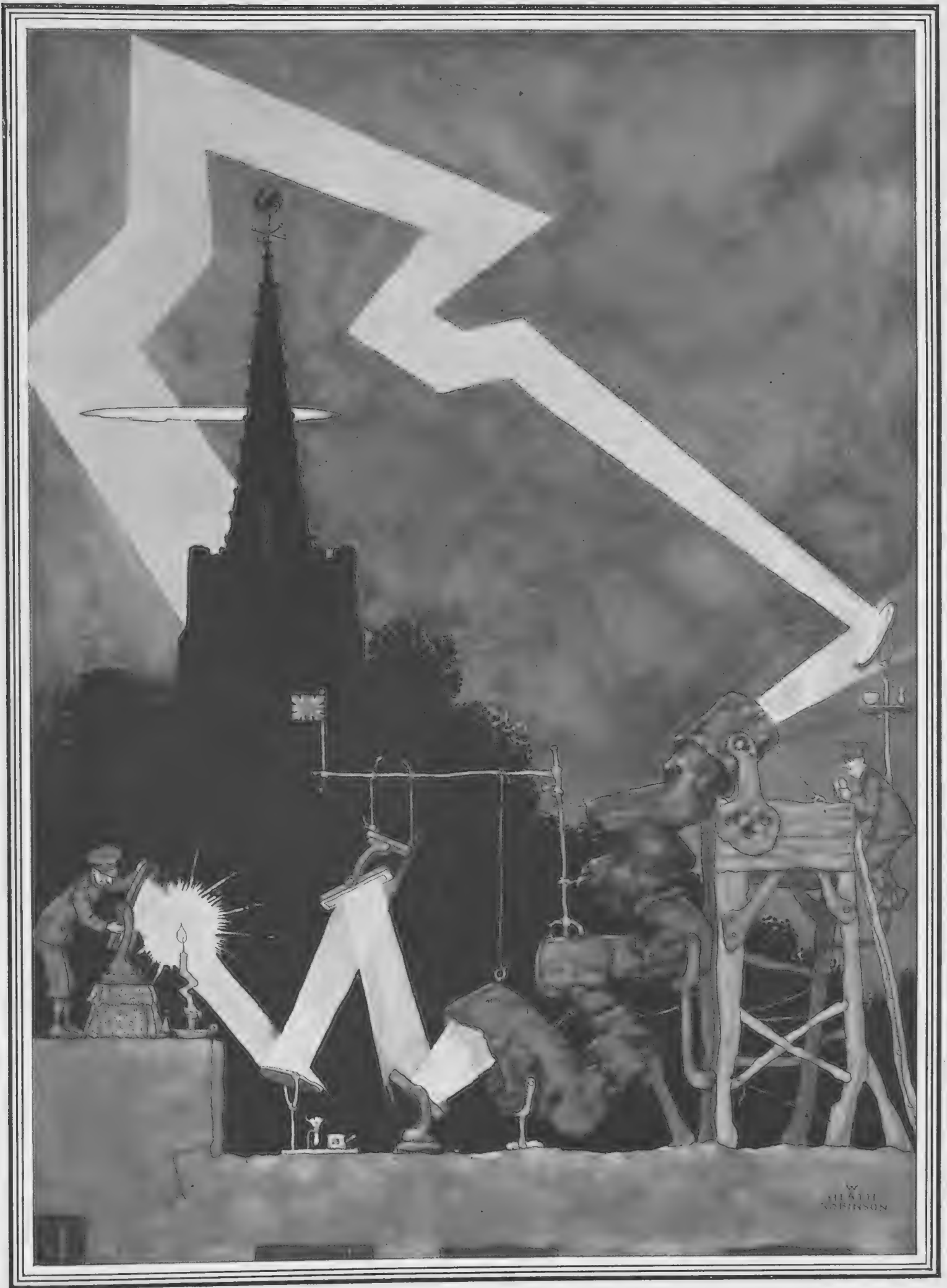
T.N. 988 Mayfair.

T.A. "Webb Miles, London."





PATENTED—IN GERMANY.



A NEW APPARATUS FOR ZIG-ZAGGING SEARCHLIGHTS FOR SPECIAL ROUND-CORNER WORK.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON. (COPYRIGHTED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE ARTIST.)





**A Charity Record.** Philanthropy has been a rampant virtue ever since the war began; but I fancy the closing weeks of this year will constitute a record in the history of charitable enterprise. Bazaars, matinées—charity ones, of course—Christmas Fairs, and every form of “in-aid-of” that the wit of woman could devise have been crowded two and three deep into one afternoon. The curious part about it was that they were invariably well attended, and not by mere “gazers,” either; though I often wondered if the philanthropists who bought them could ever find a use or a home for the innumerable pin-cushions, dolls, coseys, vases, and lamp-shades that they bought day after day with such generous prodigality. Incidentally, of course, it is comforting to think that the business done helped to show that there was still lots of money in the country. With the war costing more than five millions a day, a fresh Vote of Credit, to say nothing of reiterated calls to thrift, one couldn't help wondering sometimes whether there was any money left at all. However, even the most patriotic wouldn't buy expensive cushions at £10, and worked blotters at half that figure, with the prospect of “Sales” ahead, unless they were pretty certain of managing both; so if only as an indication that the national credit is all right, the Social-Philanthropic Society Sale vindicated its existence.

**The Thorny Path of Thrift.** Apropos of money-spending, we all want to be economical this Christmas, and do our duty by our country. But the path of thrift is beset with so many difficulties that it is really rather doubtful

gifts—except those intended for the nursery or the schoolroom—should have some practical value has not proved quite such a thrifty proposition as was anticipated. Things, rather, have been

the other way, though, of course, that was the last idea the originators had in mind. Experience has been teaching us that the useful object costs at least three times as much as the pretty, if useless, trifles that we bought so light-heartedly in days gone by. No doubt it is immensely gratifying to feel that you are saving your neighbour's pocket; but there are pleasures that can be too dearly bought, and self-satisfaction is one of them.



*A tasselled hatpin lends a note of colour to a sombre scheme.*

**Dress in War.** Apropos of taking stock of our finances, the question of the wardrobe naturally obtrudes itself, and though spring still lies many months ahead, dress authorities are already taking thought for the morrow in the

matter of fashion. There are whispers of a new silhouette, straight and slender, if rumour speaks truly. Skirts, they say, are to be perceptibly narrower about the ankles than heretofore; but there is no suggestion that we are about to re-indulge in the hobble's close embrace. Meantime some of the features of the modes of the moment are by no means uninteresting. There is, for instance, the popularity of the cashmere shawl-coat—not an imitation one, but a bit of the real article that our great-grandmothers prized and treasured in the days when India was still a land of glamour and mystery, and everyone who went there became a “Nabob.” The rich, warm colourings are infinitely becoming to most women, and the coats themselves, long and loose, and collared and hemmed with fur, are the last word in luxury. Others, by no means the least attractive, are short, impertinent-looking affairs, outlined with fur, or fringe, or feather, as the taste of the creator dictates, adorned with metal braids and Oriental-looking tassels, their sole object in life apparently being to look as unlike the accepted notion of a coat as possible. Such a garment is invariably accompanied by a tiny hat to match, one of the most popular types being a close-fitting cap, with a chin-strap of fur and a single cabochon or fringe of uncut gems by way of trimming.

**A Toll on China.** A toll, too, has been levied on things Chinese. They help to take one's thoughts very far away from the war, and are, besides, unusual, and not a little becoming. Dolores has sketched instances of “La Mode Chinoise” as adapted to Western needs. The tasselled hat-pins are delightful, and for those who prefer stones, there are all sorts in jade, amber, and other substances. Vivid flowers, such as Nature never gave to man, really bright ones—for colour is gradually regaining the ground lost during the last two years—are another feature of fashion to-day. The substance composing them is left to the indiscretion of the milliner, but scraps of felt, odd bits of leather, wools, and even the homely red flannel are all employed, outlined, it may be, with an edging of wool or silk in a contrasting shade worked in blanket-stitch. Another idea in hat-decoration is wool-work in cross-stitch motifs, with a few glass beads to give an additional decorative touch; and the latest notion—luminous hat-pins and medallions—is, of course, the direct result of London's darkened streets.



*Fur and fringe can both appear on one and the same coat, especially if it happens to be made of a figured Cashmere shawl.*



*If you are interested in things Chinese, there is no reason whatever why you shouldn't let the world know it through your clothes.*

whether we shall find an appreciably swollen bank balance when presents and Boxing Day tips again lie a year ahead, and the time comes to take stock of our finances. The unanimous opinion that



A SLIGHT MISTAKE !



"Himmel! It must be their supply column, by the noise."

DRAWN BY STAN TERRY.





## KISSES FOUR.

By ARTHUR HILL.

SUICIDE is an unhealthy idea, but most of us have contemplated it, more or less seriously, at least once in our lives—perhaps when our schoolgirl sweetheart took up with a handsomer schoolboy and we were left lamenting. Well, I myself have, somewhat humorously, contemplated it twice since reaching man's estate; but I still live to tell the tale. The following narrative describes one of these two incidents; the other is another story.

I was taking a month's duty in a remote village in North Yorkshire during the absence on holiday of Dr. Trent. I had just finished my hospital-walking course, and was looking about for a good opening; but my parents had spent on my education as much as they could afford, and the purchase of a practice was out of the question. So, to earn a bit of money and to enlarge my experience, I answered an advertisement in the *Medical Journal*, and in due time found myself at Slocum, as aforesaid, in a big, rambling old house—an ancient manor, now let cheaply—with an almost equally ancient housekeeper and two local farmer's-daughter servants.

The first week was slack—nothing but superannuated farm-labourers' rheumatism and bronchitis. I was beginning to feel the monotony, and to long for change and excitement. I got it—more than I wanted. We human beings are indeed hard to please. We always have either too little or too much.

It was in the middle of my second week. A groom came one night at eleven o'clock with an urgent message that I was wanted immediately at Moorhill Grange, the residence of the local land-owner, Sir Bartrey Sindar. It appeared that Lady Sindar was ill. The groom seemed either ignorant or unwilling to speak freely, and I could get no details out of him. So, as he said nothing definite but headache, I surmised hysteria or nerves, and packed my bag with bromide, sal-volatile, and the like.

Moorhill Grange was two miles away, but the groom had brought a light dog-cart, and we were soon bowling through the drive gates and between two sentinel files of magnificent beeches. In two minutes more I had run up the flight of wide steps at the front entrance, had been conducted by a footman through a spacious hall, spotted here and there with glowing Oriental rugs, and was standing on a deep-piled red-and-green carpet in a room lined with bookshelves. A man was reading by the light of a brass table-lamp. At my entry he put down his book, rose, and came to meet me.

"You are Dr.—?" He stopped, looking at me expectantly.

"Renton," I supplied. "Unfortunately, I have no card with me. But no doubt you were aware that Dr. Trent was away, and that a *locum tenens* was here?"

"Ah, yes; so we heard, I believe. Will you come upstairs now? I am Bartrey Sindar, and it is Lady Sindar who is ill."

I followed the baronet's gaunt figure upstairs. He paused at a door, and a near-by standard-lamp showed me his face. Downstairs his back had been to the light, such as it was. I saw a fine, aristocratic-looking man, of sixty years or more, silky white moustache waxed out at the ends, and a nose and jaw which looked like eagle and lion combined. His eyes shone steely blue, with a justice-not-mercy look. I learnt afterwards that he was a retired General, and had fought for years—off and on—against the turbulent tribes of the Indian North-West, earning by his doggedness and thoroughness the title of Bulldog Bartrey among his friends, and that of Bloody Bartrey among his Pathan enemies.

He showed me in, and followed. A white-capped maid arose and vanished past us. I advanced to the bedside. Sir Bartrey turned up the lamp. Apparently there was no gas or electricity.

From the baronet's appearance, I expected to find his wife an elderly woman. Consequently, I got rather a shock when I found myself looking down at one of the most beautiful women it has ever been my lot to see—a woman of not more than twenty-five or so, with abundant wavy golden hair, blue eyes, and the delicate, almost too flower-like complexion which so often goes with such hair and eyes.

Sir Bartrey stood on the other side of the bed. Whenever I looked at him, he was watching me. The patient complained of headache and other unimportant symptoms. I was confirmed in my surmises. Domestic friction—due, no doubt, to jealousy. An old fighter is an easy prey to beauty, and beauty naturally admires strength. But such disparity in years is too much. It is a sheer courting of misfortune. I prescribed—and dispensed out of my bag—accordingly, said I would call in the morning, and departed.

The groom and dog-cart were waiting. On the way, the man seemed fidgety and inclined to be more talkative than on the outward journey. He spoke rather well, and I vaguely wondered if he had "seen better days," as the phrase goes. I had heard of younger sons with no knowledge of anything but horses. Presently he asked how I found Lady Sindar. Professional etiquette hardly allowed a detailed answer to one in his position, and I answered curtly. A curious expression crossed his face—a flash of anger, and his chin went up as if he were going to be uncivil; then a flash of amusement, as if he had just remembered something. It struck me as curious, but I thought no more about it at the time.

For several days I paid regular visits to my patient. She ailed nothing that could be called organic, but was obviously highly strung, and it was also fairly clear that she either hated or feared her husband. If he went out of the room, or turned his back to walk about, her eyes followed him with a queer look; when he looked at her, she rarely looked at him. To me her manner was pretty, and slightly confused. I attributed it to her youth. Probably she had had little need of doctors hitherto. But there was something in the mental atmosphere, so to speak, that I could not fathom. There was a feeling of suspicion, mistrust, dread—a feeling that the people were living on a skinned-over volcano, which might burst out any minute. Even the servants seemed to have an air of fear and expectancy. However, it was no business of mine. My business was to cure Lady Sindar—cure her of an apparently imaginary complaint. I wondered whether to try hypnotic suggestion, but decided that the old General would be sure to forbid any tricks of that sort. However, it was not necessary. Events moved rapidly.

On the fifth day, I had just been examining the tongue, and had heard the maid's report, when Sir Bartrey was called to the telephone downstairs. The maid also went out, in consequence—so I thought—of a mute order of her mistress's eyes. I had a queer feeling of tenseness and danger; but, after all, what danger could there possibly be? My invalid lay there as angelic as possible. Nothing Satanic about her. It struck me that she looked slightly flushed, and that her breathing was a trifle hurried. Better take the temperature. I put the thermometer under her arm.

Then I got a shock. For, as I stooped over her to do this, she threw a lightning glance over my shoulder at the door, the knob of which I heard turning, then put both arms round my neck, pulled my head down, and kissed me—once, twice, thrice—on the mouth. Then she suddenly let go, and I straightened up, with a burning face and a conflict of emotions. Lady Sindar's eyes looked past me, and the blue in them looked more like steel than forget-me-nots. I turned, and faced Sir Bartrey.

In moments like that, it is only novel-heroes who make eloquent declamations or thrash the villain with a horse-whip. In real life, they stand and stare at each other, unable to find words. At least, that is what *we* did. At last, after what seemed ages, Sir Bartrey stood aside, and pointed to the door. Then I found my tongue.

"I assure you, Sir," I said, "that you may put a wrong construction on this. Lady Sindar, I fear, is feverish, and has a touch of delirium. Otherwise . . ."

I hesitated, turned and looked at her, wondering what to say. There was no delirium in the blue eyes whose steady gaze met mine. There was eloquent appeal, though exactly what for I could not tell. And there was intense determination. What could she want me to do? What subtle game was she playing? I felt sure that I was somehow being made a tool of—being used to further somebody's ends, which I could not penetrate. The feeling was maddening. Then Lady Sindar spoke—

"It's no use making any bones about it, Percy," she said pleasantly. "Better own up, and let him do as he likes. I'm about tired of the strain of pretence."

And those blue eyes fairly danced. I stood mystified. Percy certainly is my name. But how did she know it? Evidently another link in the plot to involve me. Sir Bartrey, his eyes blazing, pointed again to the door. I went; he followed.

"To the study," he said hoarsely, and marched on ahead. We descended the stairs, and I followed him into the room in which I had made his acquaintance on that first night. He closed the door carefully behind him. I heard feet on the gravel outside running towards the stables. Sir Bartrey and I came to a halt, facing each other on the hearth-rug. His face was livid, and his breath came short.

[Continued overleaf.]



## MARSHALL & SNELGROVE'S WINTER SALE

Commences MONDAY, Jan. 1st,  
and continues for Three Weeks.

Wonderful  
BARGAINS  
in  
High-grade  
Goods.



15 only. New Model Fur  
Coat in Seal dyed Musquash  
with dyed skunk collar,  
lined rich brocade.

Season's Price .. 29 Gns.

Sale Price 25 Gns.

New Dressing-gown in rich  
quality silk brocade, very  
fully cut, with loose hanging  
sleeves, in bag complete. A  
particularly comfortable and  
useful wrap.

Sale Price ... 29/6

Woollen Stockinette Coat  
Frock (as sketch). A stylish  
and fashionable garment for  
Autumn and Winter wear;  
made in many specially dyed  
shades. Fur collar as shown.

Usual Price ... 6½ Gns.

Sale Price 5 Gns.

50 Afternoon or Dinner  
Frocks in various designs,  
of which sketch, which is  
trimmed with real skunk, is  
an example, in very rich  
quality Lyons silk chiffon  
velvet.

Original Prices, 6½ to 8½ Gns.

Sale Price £5 18 6

Sale Catalogue post free.

These Garments cannot be sent on approval.

### MARSHALL & SNELGROVE, Ltd.

VERE ST. and OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.

## GREYNESS CURED

IN THREE WEEKS.

A WONDERFUL PROVED REMEDY

Leading Journals continue  
to pay exceptional tribute to  
"FACKTATIVE."

Full Particulars in Dainty  
Boudoir Book FREE.

"Facktative" is an absolutely reliable  
specific for restoring the lost colour to  
grey, white, and faded hair, entirely free  
from the objectionable and pernicious  
effects of dyes, stains, and other pre-  
parations.

The clientèle to whom the proprietors  
in particular appeal are those who have  
tried with failure other remedies, and who  
would shun as revolting any suggestion of  
artificial colouring to improve the appear-  
ance of their hair.

"Facktative" not only increases the  
growth, abundance, and quality of the  
hair, but where grey, going grey, or is  
fading, re-creates the lost colour, and  
gives to every strand of hair Nature's hue  
with a fidelity which cannot be disputed.

London has declared it to be the veritable  
talisman of Feminine beauty.

Unique among similar preparations, it  
produces, by a cleansing of the scalp and  
re-invigorating the pigment cells, a healthy  
condition, brilliancy, and vitality so  
necessary to retain the full appearance  
of youth, and will leave the scalp in a  
perfect condition of health.

STRIKING TRIBUTES FROM  
LEADING JOURNALS.

"THE QUEEN (and Court Chronicle)"  
says: "Facktative" will be hailed  
with delight. Its effects are permanent;  
is delightfully clean and easy to use. There  
are other points that commend it—its ad-  
mirable effects upon the general health and  
condition of the hair, and so on—but it is in  
its wonderful powers of restoring the actual  
colour to the hair that its chief interest lies."

"LADY'S PICTORIAL" says:  
"As a real remedy for restoring loss of  
colour it is a thoroughly reliable preparation."

"SUNDAY TIMES" says: "Fack-  
tative" is Nature's own remedy. There is  
no circumstance in which the hair will not  
be cured from discoloration."—"Hygeia,"  
Editress of "Secrets of Health and  
Beauty."

Mrs. Jack May, writing in "THE  
OBSERVER," says: "Facktative" is  
very surely making a sound reputation for  
itself by its unrivalled success. . . .  
Facktative really does restore grey hair  
to its original colour, acting like a tonic to  
the pigment cells, renewing their strength,  
and thus enabling them to perform their  
proper functions."

Space forbids but a few brief extracts  
only, but accompanying the FREE BOU-  
DOIR BOOK is sent full, unabridged,  
and spontaneous testimony which the  
sterling merits of "Facktative" have  
called forth from these and numerous other  
independent authorities from all parts.

Never has a hair preparation under any  
name been introduced under such favour-  
able auspices. Soon it will be found on  
every elegant Toilet Table, and esteemed  
as the most sure and faithful of the legiti-  
mate guardians and preservers of Nature's  
exquisite Crown.

CURES ALL FORMS OF  
GREYNESS.

Age is immaterial, and no matter how  
long the greyness has lasted, by using  
"Facktative" you can restore your hair  
to its original natural colour. Once the  
colour is fully restored it is retained.

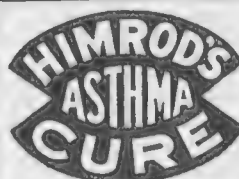
THIS BOOK FREE.

Further particulars concerning "Fack-  
tative" and its accredited functions are  
given in a Boudoir Book just published,  
together with Full Press Opinions, etc. A  
copy can be had FREE in private sealed  
envelope, by writing to the "Facktative"  
Co., Dept. 10, 66, Victoria Street, West-  
minster, S.W.

### Foster Clark's

Foster Clark's 2d. Soup Squares make  
9 varieties of Delicious Nourishing  
Soups of unequalled excellence.  
You Simply add Water.

### 2d. Soups



If you suffer from  
Asthma, Catarrh,  
Ordinary Colds,  
you will find  
nothing to equal  
**HIMROD'S  
CURE FOR  
ASTHMA**  
At all chemists  
4/3 a tin.

Exterminated by  
"LIVERPOOL" VIRUS

## RATS

No Danger to Animals.  
NO SMELL.  
In Tins baited for Rats  
2/6 & 6/- for Mice 1/6  
Of all chemists, write  
particulars: Dept. E.

EVANS BONS LESCHER & WEBB Ltd.  
36, Hanover Street, LIVERPOOL.

## LONDON ELECTROTYPE AGENCY

LIMITED.

Publishers, Authors, Illustrated Press Agents,  
&c., should apply to the above Agency in  
all matters dealing with arrangements for  
reproducing Illustrations, Photographs, &c.

Sole Agents for "The  
Illustrated London News,"  
The Sketch," &c.

10, ST. BRIDE'S AVENUE, LONDON, E.C.



"I now understand," he said, with an effort. "Last week I received an anonymous letter warning me to beware of some treacherous scoundrel who was formerly friendly with my wife, and who was now in the locality. So it is *you*! And my wife's drives just lately have been for the purpose of meeting you on your rounds. No doubt she has bribed that new groom, Saunders, to keep a shut mouth."

Sir Bartrey choked for a second or two, glaring. I pulled myself together for an effort, though I had a despairing feeling that a jealous man is not to be convinced by mere assurances.

"I swear to you, Sir Bartrey," I said very solemnly, "that I never spoke to your wife, or to my knowledge even set eyes on her, before last Monday evening, when you sent for me. You may believe me or not, but that is the absolute truth. I have not been alone with her, except for a few minutes here when you have gone out of the room, and no word has been spoken that you might not have heard. As to what you have just seen, I can offer no explanation except hysteria or fever . . ."

Sir Bartrey's thin lips curled in a bitter sneer.

"I suppose you hardly expect me to believe that," he said. "But I also suppose you think it worth trying, because you are a coward, and are afraid I shall kill you if you confess. But it would be better to own up, as Isabel advised, for I am going to kill you in any case."

He moistened his lips with his tongue.

"At first," he continued, "I contemplated a good old-fashioned meeting, with pistols or swords. But we should have to wait until morning, and by that time you would probably have run away, so I should lose the pleasure I anticipate. Consequently, I have decided to follow the rule against procrastination, and not to put off till to-morrow what I can do to-day."

As he spoke the last word, his right hand flashed up from his hip-pocket, and a revolver barrel gleamed. It stopped, and I gazed plumb into its vicious blue throat. I don't suppose I am more of a duffer than the average, but I admit that I was sort of paralysed. It wasn't altogether or exactly fear; it was mostly sheer bewilderment. The whirl of inexplicable events had robbed me of all power of dealing with the situation. I stared helplessly at the blue orifice, saw dimly behind it a gleam of white teeth exposed by a drawn sort of grin, watched his finger tightening on the trigger, and speculated vaguely as to whether the bullet would go through or would lodge inside the cerebrum. Not that it would make any difference to me. Merely a matter of scientific interest, depending on skull-thickness.

Just then a door opened silently behind Sir Bartrey. I saw a dark figure leap forward. Sir Bartrey's arm was struck up, and the weapon flew from his hand, exploding as it went, the bullet striking and burying itself in an oaken beam of the ceiling. Then I saw Sir Bartrey lifted from his feet from behind, his legs knocked from under him by a clever wrestler's "bipec," and he was deposited

gently on the floor. My saviour was the groom, Saunders.

He turned a swift glance on me, and spoke in a tone of command and in very un-groomlike accents—

"Come here and hold him. It's the only way."

Truly it seemed so. I held the baronet down, and Saunders trussed him up neatly, legs and arms, with a clothes-line. It surprised me that our victim did not shout; but I found afterwards that the walls and doors were too thick

for sound to penetrate, and, of course, he was aware of the fact, and saved his breath accordingly.

be the next move in this bewildering game. We couldn't keep the baronet tied up for ever. And when he got free he would probably still murder me, and then have Saunders up for assault and battery. Better have let him finish me off in peace. However, I must thank my deliverer. He meant well, and had certainly saved my life *pro tem*. As I turned to him to say the needful, I heard the rustle of skirts. I turned round, and saw a lady dressed for motoring. It was Lady Sindar. The baronet exploded in futile profanity, and Saunders promptly gagged him with handkerchiefs.

"Don't choke him, Jack," said the lady. "He's choleric, and might have a fit."

She seemed quite calm. Then she turned on me, and her pretty fingers held a business-like revolver, mate to the General's. Saunders advanced on me with another clothes-line.

"We are sorry to do it, Doctor—genuinely sorry," he said. "But it is necessary. We don't want to run any risks."

In five minutes I was as securely trussed up as the General. There we were, laid side by side like mummies, on the carpet, with a cushion apiece for pillows, which the thoughtful Lady Sindar smilingly adjusted.

"Too bad to have used you like this," she said, as she fixed my cushion. "But we had to have a little help, so I arranged it all, on an artistic basis. And, anyhow, you have had three unasked-for kisses, which is more than the General ever had. And now I'll give you another, though Jack here will be cross."

She did so. Jack did seem cross.

"And finally," she said, "a word of good advice. Don't put off marrying till you are old. But, if you do, above all things don't marry a young woman who is already in love with somebody else. She may think she can tolerate you for the sake of your rank or money, or courage and ability, but she will probably find she can't, and then she will run off with the other fellow, who has entered your service incognito, as a groom, in order to be near his lady. Gentlemen, allow me to present to you Mr. Jack Charterhouse, a poor but honest gentleman, *alias* Saunders, with whom I hope to be very happy. The suit will be undefended."

This last to the General.

"You needn't try for damages," she said. "You won't get any, whatever the silly old Judge may say. You can't get cash where there isn't any. People will say we've done wrong; but the wrong-doing was when I married you instead of Jack. We shall have to live abroad, but we'll have to put up with that. And Jack may grow from Lieutenant to General, and then the pay will keep us. I think that's all."

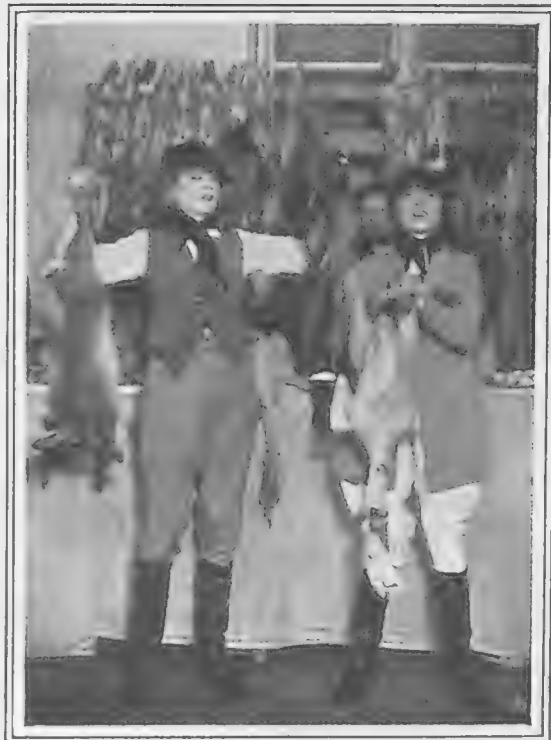
She fixed her motor-veil, and sailed out of the room. Saunders, *alias* Charterhouse, called back to us that he would tell the butler we were discussing business matters, but that he was to come and see if anything was wanted, in an hour.

A motor-engine began to throb outside, then receded into the distance.

You can understand me wanting to drown myself. To be made a fool of like that! Of course, the full details were not permitted to leak out at the divorce proceedings, but, as a matter of fact, everybody in the county knew, through the butler who untrussed us.

Since that experience, I have been careful (when attending pretty young wives of elderly men) to keep another person always in the room. There are times when three's company and two's dangerous.

THE END.



WOMEN FOR THE LAND: CHARMING ACTRESSES IN A NEW RÔLE.

The recent Sale and Exhibition of the Women's Farm and Garden Produce Society was a great success, and amongst the saleswomen were those two fascinating actresses, Miss Teddie Gerard and Miss Gina Palerme, who are seen in our photograph selling wild geese and rabbits. Their costumes are unusual but distinctly becoming.—[Photograph by Record Press.]



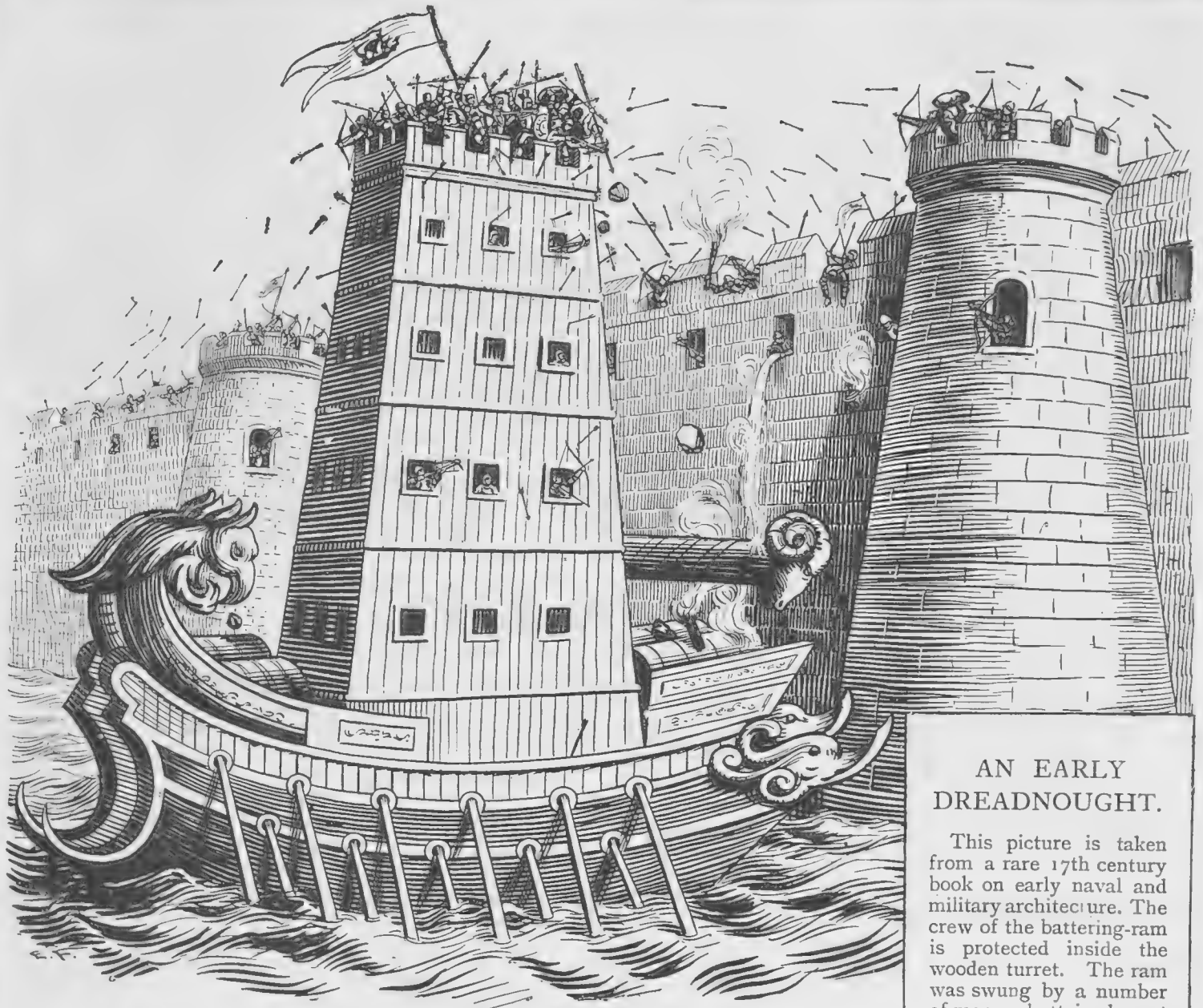
WOMEN FOR THE LAND: SOCIETY SALESWOMEN.

Among the Society ladies who took an active part in the recent Sale and Exhibition of the Women's Farm and Garden Produce Society were Lady Hood and Lady Joan Legge, daughter of the Earl of Dartmouth, both of whom were selling rabbits, as seen in our photograph.—[Photograph by Record Press.]

for sound to penetrate, and, of course, he was aware of the fact, and saved his breath accordingly.

The immediate danger being over, and Saunders giving the finishing touches to his handiwork, I began to wonder what was to





#### AN EARLY DREADNOUGHT.

This picture is taken from a rare 17th century book on early naval and military architecture. The crew of the battering-ram is protected inside the wooden turret. The ram was swung by a number of men and attained great force of impact. The defenders would try and catch the head of it in nets or with long pincers.

Notice also how the wooden walls of this early Dreadnought protect the rowers.

## If illness threatens to batter a breach— reinforce with Bovril

Illness is like a battering-ram seeking the weak points of defence. Colds, chills and influenza are always alert to attack. If you are run down—if the defenders of the body are weakened by under-nourishment or overwork—the fortress capitulates. Fortify yourself with Bovril.

Sustained by the immense concen-

trated nourishment of this unique preparation you can defy the strain of heavy work and the threats to your health. Bovril is just what you need now meat is scarce—it takes a joint of Beef to make a bottle of Bovril. The vital elements that give Beef its special place and value as a food are concentrated and stored in Bovril.

*For the Front.—The most convenient pack to send out to Officers is Campaigning Bovril. Six 4-oz. jars in a compact parcel.*

## Fortify yourself with Bovril

In spite of the increase in the cost of beef, the raw material of Bovril, the price of Bovril has not been increased since the outbreak of the war.





# NAPIER

"THE PROVED BEST."

## MOTOR CARRIAGES.



We recently wrote three Clients asking if they would be prepared to dispose of their Napier cars.

The replies, given below, are illuminating, and form further striking testimony of the satisfaction given to owners of British Napiers.

"I am exceedingly obliged to you for your kind favour of the 24th, but I have no desire to part with my car. I am fortunate in having a good chauffeur who has kept it in splendid running order, and, with the exception of the usual wear and tear, I should imagine the car is as good to-day as the day I purchased it (1913), and will answer all my requirements for many years to come."

—A. F. Stephenson, Esq.

"Much obliged for your letter, but we are quite satisfied with the car; it runs beautifully."

W. J. Thompson, Esq.

"Much obliged for your letter re disposing of my car, but it is in very good order, and I cannot spare it."

—Colonel Miles.

**OUR ADVICE.**—Keep your present car, and wait for the new Napier Six-Cylinder—something beyond anything produced yet.

## D. NAPIER AND SON, Ltd.,

WORKS:  
ACTON, LONDON, W.

### MOTORS

14, New Burlington St.,  
LONDON, W.

'Phone Gerrard 1292

**CHAPPELL & CO., Ltd.**  
50, NEW BOND STREET, W.

for Tickets for  
all Theatres,  
Operas & Concerts

Price **ONE SHILLING.**

**NOW ON SALE.**

## THE KIRCHNER ALBUM

Containing 11 of the BEST EXAMPLES  
of this popular Artist.

172, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.



# POPE & BRADLEY

Civil, Military & Naval Tailors

## THE KHAKI MARKET

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.



"The Cult of the Kilt"

From the "Rilette" painting to the commission of H. Dennis Bradley.

IN cold figures, and for the benefit of Officers purchasing their winter uniforms, I wish to place before them the following facts.

The continued rise in price of the best heavy-weight khaki materials is abnormal.

For the winter of 1916-17 Pope & Bradley, exercising to the utmost their buying powers, have purchased a great stock, but only at a price which is the highest yet paid. For the same materials on the market at the present moment the manufacturers require a further advance in price of 30 per cent.

Bluntly the position is, that there is a scarcity of the best quality winter khaki. In their own interests and in the interests of their customers Pope & Bradley have secured a sufficient quantity to supply their demands until March, 1917, and these quantities have been bought by them at a price below the net cost of manufacture to-day.

In controlling the policy of Pope and Bradley during Armageddon, I am determined to countenance no juggling with markets with the sickening objects of war profiteering.

If, in legitimate commercial competition by buying capacities and business acumen, advantages are gained on the woollen market, these advantages shall be for the customers of my House. After the war I want a clean name for Pope & Bradley and no aspersions of blood money.

The following quotations represent the minimums for uniforms of the finest khaki.

Service Jackets ...	from	£4	4	0	Naval Superfine D.B. Jacket				
Slacks ...	"	1	10	0		from	£4	4	0
Bedford Cord Breeches ...	"	2	12	6	Vest ...	"	1	1	0
British Warm ...	"	4	4	0	Trousers ...	"	1	18	0
Waterproof Trencher ...	"	6	6	0	Blue Naval Warm Coat ...	"	5	5	0

New Naval and Military Kit List of every Service requirement will be forwarded upon application.

TWO ESTABLISHMENTS ONLY

14 OLD BOND STREET, W. &  
11-13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C.

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH

By Appointment To H.M. The King.

### SCRUBB'S AMMONIA

MARVELLOUS PREPARATION

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.  
Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.  
Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.  
Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.  
Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites.  
Restores the Colour to Carpets.  
Cleans Plate and Jewellery.  
Softens Hard Water.

Price 1s. per Bottle. Of all Grocers, Chemists, Etc.

SCRUBB & CO., Ltd., Guildford St., London, S.E.



**M**OTOR vehicles grow scarce. Get maximum value out of the car you have. Add Warland Dual Rims and secure greater tyre economy; greater running efficiency; leverless, labourless, quick-tyre change. The only possible rims for the lady driver.

**WARLAND DUAL RIMS**

Aston - - - BIRMINGHAM  
111, Great Portland Street, LONDON

## White & Sound Teeth

are absolutely necessary to a  
Good Appearance and Sound Health

### JEWSBURY & BROWN'S

Oriental

## Tooth Paste

is the essential dentifrice for  
the purpose

Pots 1'6 & 2'6 - Tubes 1'4



## WOMAN'S WAYS

### The Englishman Pulls in His Belt.

There will be a slim, youthful-looking, and alert population in all the countries of Europe after the war, and you will be able to spot an American or a "Rasta" afar off merely by the outline of his person. The abstemious and spiritual will compete with the over-fed and material, and it is quite clear who will win. Germans, however, do not take kindly to a half-diet, whereas the active, hard-working Englishman often eats extraordinarily little. The meatless day will do us all a vast amount of good. As a disciplinary measure, the Roman Church saw its value and enforced it. The grossly over-fed have been with us too long, and only the doctors—who made princely incomes out of them—will lament their disappearance. There was a kind of person, of both sexes, of shiny aspect and superfluous bulk, whose exterior suggested nothing in the world but rich sauces. They were not charming to look at, and I hope to see them no more, crowding the hotels and restaurants with their oleaginous persons. We shall get on well enough, but the danger to Germany of the present shortage of food is for her next generation. They have great reason to fear for the physique of their people in 1936.

### The Youthful, Prudent Pepys.

In modern imitations of the immortal work of Samuel Pepys, the diarist is always a man of middle-age and plethoric habit, addicted to "pegs," and passably gullible and ridiculous. Now the real Pepys was a boy, as we should call him nowadays—twenty-six—when he began his frank self-revelations, and had reached the ripe age of thirty-five when he laid aside his journal in cypher. His youth, combined with a singular prudence, make the Diary one of the psychological curiosities of literature—indeed, of the human race. It is notorious that much of it has to be suppressed, owing to the philanderings of the youthful Samuel with all classes of the Fair, including his wife's maids. These young persons, however, were of a superior breeding two hundred and fifty years ago. They were trained to sing "catches" and "glees" with Mr. and Mrs. Pepys, accompanied them on junketings on the Thames, and one at least—"Gosnell"—stepped straight from rubbing the cherished silver plate

### "BRING OUT YOUR VANITIES!" IRON JEWELS IN PLACE OF GOLD IN GERMANY.

German ladies are being asked to give up their gold ornaments in aid of the war. Our photograph shows the sort of jewels for which they are exchanged by the Prussian Savonarola, who demands this sacrifice in the name of patriotism.



ENGAGED TO MAJOR GREER, M.C.: MISS PAMELA FITZGERALD.

Miss Fitzgerald is daughter of the Hon. Eustace Fitzgerald, son of the late Baron Fitzgerald, and her mother is the daughter of Viscount Barrington. Major Eric Beresford Greer, Irish Guards, is the eldest son of Captain and Mrs. Greer, of Curragh Grange.

Photograph by Hoppé.

perfectly simple and natural thing to do, yet no one seems to have thought of it before, so lacking are the majority of people in vision and the historic sense. Now the thing has become a "fashion," and sacks of chestnuts and acorns are being imported to be sold for war charities. So everyone may have a tree from Verdun in his park or garden, and young people of 1950, sitting under their leaves, will wonder about these years of horror and heroism.—ELLA HEPPWORTH DIXON.

### Lord French and the Acorn.

When Lord French, visiting the stricken fields around Verdun, picked up a handful of acorns and chestnuts to plant in England as a memorial of one of the decisive battles of the world, he displayed the Englishman's feeling of the importance of trees. It was a

### "Giddy Mrs. Goodyer."

By MRS. HORACE TREMLETT.  
(Bodley Head.)

Little Mrs. Goodyer, who lived in the Anglo-Colonial circles of South Africa, provides an episode of amusing comedy. Society was restless with war thundering in Europe, and rumbling in disturbing rumours of rebellion about their doors. Mrs. Goodyer's husband had gone off on the trail of a diamond-mine, so Mrs. Goodyer went up to Johannesburg with vague plans for the future. The one that ripened in her little head most persistently was the possibility of a divorce. She was so sick of the life, of the eternal rush for money, of her *distrust* and untidy husband! She would be free and go home—Home, she wrote it mentally—and angelically tend wounded heroes. But first the divorce in Jo'berg, where divorce was, she had grounds to believe, ridiculously easy. Her experiences with an honest lawyer and a sadly dishonest one, the attractive A.D.C. lady-killer whom she reduced to a chivalrous lover, the married friend tried so severely in the matter of her husband, and finally Mr. Goodyer himself—off with his mine and back to Johannesburg in khaki—all take their share in the general entertainment. Mrs. Tremlett has a wit that is feminine and light as a feather, but the feather is furnished with an arrowy skill which makes it a most pointed weapon. And every woman will be with her and with Mrs. Goodyer in understanding what a smart uniform and a little grooming can do to make a man really desirable, even though he be a husband. It is these little things that make the man no less than the work of art.

### "Martin Rivas."

By ALBERTO BLEST-CANA.  
(Chapman and Hall.)

Mrs. Charles Whitham has made a translation from the Spanish of this novel of Spanish colonial life in Chili. She is a cousin of the author, and mentions in her dedication that "Martin Rivas" (which was written some twenty years ago) is known and beloved wherever the Spanish language is spoken. Martin Rivas went to Santiago much as Dick Whittington to London or Eugène Rastignac to Paris—to make his fortune; the subject will be fascinating so long as there are young men. Martin's path runs along lines which had become grooves long before his history was written. It displays the poverty and pride of the young student dropped into the magnificence of a wealthy patron's house; all the humiliation which a plutocratic society is apt to bestow on the poor who are so rarely with them; the struggles of a youth on whom his family depend, and the bitterness of a hopeless passion. Through these personal experiences, and through others political and revolutionary, Martin passes, the typical hero, proud towards life, as behoves heroic tradition, humble in love, generous beyond chivalry almost to Quixotry—in short, perfect as hero, but as man an unknown quantity. Other types bear him company: the haughty beauty wounded so desperately, so reluctantly by love; exploiting parents, and foolish ones; friends designing and faithful. In these days of "snappy," impressionistic realism, "Martin Rivas," with its faithful adherence to tradition, and the long, stilted manner of its speech, assumes something of the amusing charm of a Victorian antique, all solid mahogany and tested horse-hair. By way of variety, there are glimpses of a remote republic—not only in the politics which the author knew so well, but in small yet welcome details.



A DEVOTED WAR-WORKER: MISS MILLICENT TAYLOR.

Miss Taylor is the grand-daughter of the late General Sir Richard Meade, K.C.B. Miss Taylor is working assiduously at 27, Berkeley Square, and was previously working at Mrs. Arnold's Hospital for Canadian Officers.

Photograph by Bassano.



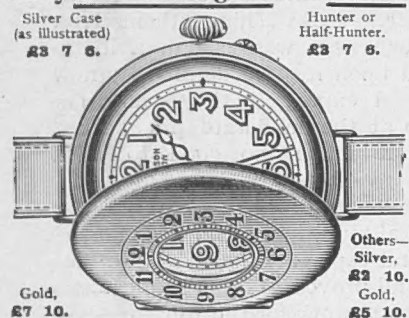
*J.W. Benson*  
MILITARY BADGE BROOCHES LTD.  
Any Regimental Design Perfectly Modelled



KING'S ROYAL RIFLES.

Gold and Enamel, £4. 17. 6.  
Diamonds and Enamel, £30.  
Large Selection in Diamonds, and Gold and Enamel.  
Prices on application.

**BENSON'S**  
"Active Service"  
WRISTLET WATCH.  
Fully Luminous Figures and Hands.



Silver Case (as illustrated) £3 7 6.  
Hunter or Half-Hunter. £3 7 6.  
Others—Silver, £2 10. Gold, £5 10.

WARRANTED TIMEKEEPERS.  
25, OLD BOND STREET, W.  
and 62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

**Goddard's**  
**Plate Powder**

Sold everywhere 6d 1/2 2/6 & 4/6.

**SIR JOHN BENNETT, LTD.**



ENGAGEMENT RINGS a Speciality.  
The finest stock of Rings in London, comprising all the newest and most choice designs at the lowest Manufacturers' prices for Cash.



Diamonds, £10 Large Selection of 2-part rings.  
Diamonds, with Ruby or Sapphire, £9.  
Diamonds, £11 Also from £8 to £50.  
Diamonds, £20 In every style of setting from £3.  
Illustrated Catalogue of Watches, Clocks, or Jewellery, complete with every novelty, sent free per post.

SIR JOHN BENNETT, Ltd.,  
65, Cheapside and 105, Regent St., London.

# Debenham & Freebody's

Commences  
MONDAY  
JAN. 1

# SALE

and Continues  
for TWELVE  
DAYS only.

Exceptional Bargains in all Departments



**Early Spring Suit** (as sketch), in very fine quality corded suiting. Coat cut on plain, tailor-made lines, and finished with belt and high pockets. Plain, well-cut skirt. In black, navy, and a good range of colours.

Special Price, 6½ Gns.

**New Model Fur Coat**, in Natural Canadian Musquash skins, with handsome collar and cuffs of skunk opossum. Rich fancy silk lining.

Season's price, 35 Gns.  
Sale Price, 25 Gns.

Natural Musquash advanced 50 per cent. at the recent Fur Sales.

**Nightdress** (as sketch), in new silk crêpe-de-chine, entirely hand-made, with fronts of smocking and lace. In pink, white and sky.

Sale Price, 29/6

**Girl's Street Coat** (as sketch). A smart, well-cut garment, in mixture fizzes and tweeds, with large collar of seal coney, which can be worn opened or closed. For girls of 14 to 17 years.

Original price, 4 Gns.  
Sale Price, 49/6

Sale Catalogue post free. These goods cannot be sent upon approval.  
**Wigmore Street & Welbeck Street, London, W.**

**I**f you are interested in an Investment which, in return for an outlay of £50 per annum for four years, experts advise will thereafter return you an income of from £200 to £250 per annum, write for full particulars to Dept. A.L., The African Realty Trust, Ltd. (Capital, £400,000 fully subscribed), Egypt House, 36, New Broad Street, E.C.

**MAJOR RICHARDSON, F.Z.S.**

**KENNELS**

SENTRY DOGS (as supplied Army), from 5 gns.  
POLICE DOGS (Airedales). Best guards for person and property, from 5 gns.; pups, 2 gns.  
BLOODHOUNDS.  
ABERDEEN (SCOTCH), FOX (Smooth and Wire), IRISH 5 gns.; pups, 2 gns.  
GROVE END, HARROW. Tel. 423

**DELICIOUS COFFEE.**

**RED  
WHITE  
& BLUE**

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

# TRIPLEX Safety GLASS

GOGGLES, WINDSCREENS, AND WINDOWS.





# THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

## Our Lucky Year.

Some people say that 1917 is to be our lucky year, that odd numbers are better than even, and that seven is mystically good. Personally, I am of Mark Twain's philosophy, and don't prophesy unless I know. The basis for hopes of a better year are a smaller, stronger Government, the reinforced

will of the people to sacrifice self and put their whole energy to winning out, and the apparent signs of weakening of the enemy. The Navy and the Army, and the Air Service are the magnificent instruments of the State that they ever were, and so A Good New Year to us and our Allies—let us spare no effort to make it so!

## No Shedding Hair-Pins.

What are we to do without hair-pins? That was the wail of some women I met at lunch the other day. (N.B.—The meal consisted of toast and mutton-broth.) One said she would have her hair cut short, another that her silver locks should be worn flowing down her back, yet another that she would pin up her hair with wish-bones. One retired ostentatiously from the discussion—I am afraid we all thought she wore a wig, the hair on which could be arranged without the assistance of pins; and the sensible member of the party said rigid restriction in hair-pins was a good thing: if every woman was careful, and did not go about shedding them *à la* Peggotty, there would be enough to outlast the war. When we put in these precious pins

in future, we shall have to see and feel that they are secure. Motoring shakes them out, and a collection after a ride in a car would be a practical war economy.

## Not Neutrals.

The American Club, not the American Ladies' Club—no, just the American Club. Yet the day I was

**A SMART SPORTS SUIT.**  
The coat is of beige and nigger-brown jersey cloth, with a skirt of plaid cheviot in the same shades. Cap of nigger-brown, with beige wool tassels.

there for the house-warming of 41, Hertford Street—the home of the club—the only men present ministered to us with music, and tea, coffee, and accompaniments. It is a delightful interior, and there were lots of pretty people and heaps of talk, with just enough Americanese to be fascinating. They are not just social butterflies, these club-women, but also busy bees. There are three rooms for Red Cross work—the making of hospital supplies; and there is a philanthropic committee, of which the Duchess of Marlborough is head, that sees to all sorts of fine efforts. Said I, "Looks as if you favoured the Allies a good bit." "Hush!" was the answer. "Mrs. Page is here, so we mustn't say that we are not neutrals."

**Be Wise in Time.** When I think of the dinners and suppers and luncheons at Grosvenor House in the days of peace and plenty, and I recall processions to these feasts led by the King with the hostess, and the Queen with the host, followed by many members of the Royal Family and the Ambassadors

of other nations, including those of Germany and Austria-Hungary, it does seem a strange contrast that this ducal mansion is now the seat of the Governor of Food Control. Happily, we have no shortage. Harrod's provision department gave, previous to Christmas, and now, previous to the New Year, gives good assurance of that. But, like "Lydia mine," in dear, delightful "Dorothy," it is well to "be wise in time," although the connection is rather different. Not long ago our sex was banting to preserve their silhouette figures; now we must bant to keep up the nation's figures!

## Peace When There is No Peace.

The Kaiser has posed as a preacher on his war yacht, the *Hohenzollern*; I wonder if he ever expounded the text: "They have healed also the hurt of the daughter of the people slightly, saying Peace, peace, when there is no peace. Were they ashamed when they had committed abomination? Nay, they were not at all ashamed, neither could they blush: therefore shall they fall among them that fall: at the time that I visit them they shall be cast down, saith the Lord." If he has never used the text, it might be suggested as a good theme for him to elaborate in a New Year sermon to his War Lords!

## Good Enough to Eat.

The Huns were never accused of being particularly addicted to washing themselves. Eight months ago soap was 2s. 4d. a lb. in Munich, despite the limited demand upon it. No doubt by now it has reached a prohibitive price. I expect, if they could get our beloved Wright's Coal-Tar Soap at the moderate price asked for it here, they would consider it much too good to wash with—they would eat it!

## Not Workaday Wedding Days.

That was a capital munitioner who was married in her overall and cap. She looked quite nice in the picture, and proved to other munitioners that she took a proper pride in this great work for the Empire. We should not like too many members of our sex to adopt workaday

bridal attire. I like to see a bride in white, whether it be cloth, cotton, satin, or silk; and I never see a beautiful wedding-costume, such as I frequently view at Marshall and Snelgrove's, without a little thrill of romance over it, and the thought that it marks

the great epoch in the life of some nice girl. A charming one was worn last week by Miss Marjorie Combe, now Mrs. Ailwyn Soames. It was very simple, short, and of ivory-hued georgette, with deep tucks, and an embroidery of raised silver leaves round the bodice, the narrow square train slung from straps of silver-leaf embroidery over both shoulders, and bordered with a like pretty device. The veil was of rare old lace, and the orange-blossomwreath was caught close to the hair at the back with diamond wings, the gift of her father; while in the bodice was a diamond brooch, the gift of her mother. I admire the munition-maker's wedding get-up, but I do not want wedding-days to have anything too much workaday about them, even in war time.



## A DAINTY NEGLIGÉE.

An under-dress of flesh-pink tulle with chiffon roses of a deeper pink, with a coatee of orchid-mauve chiffon trimmed with roses and narrow bands of dark fur, and having a

girdle of shot-blue-and-silver ribbon. Cap of pink tulle and silver lace, with roses and ribbon streamers. The whole scheme is entirely charming.





The Most Charming Place in London.

## FORMOSA OOLONG TEA ROOMS

36, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

Charges Moderate. . . . . Service Admirable.  
Music Daily. . . . . Open on Sundays for Teas Only.

LUNCHEONS, TEAS, and DINNERS

Here you can obtain the world-famous

## FORMOSA OOLONG TEA

PURE 2/10, 3/10. BLEND 2/7, 3/4, 4/4.  
per lb. per lb.

Formosa Oolong Teas (Pure and Blended) can be obtained at Ridgways, Ltd., London; R. Twining & Co., Ltd., London; and Andrew Melrose & Co., Edinburgh, and their branches and agencies throughout the United Kingdom.

# BARRI MATERNITY GOWNS

Royal Letters Patent. Unobtainable elsewhere. Especially designed to create proper balance for the figure through changing proportions, and is capable of the necessary expansion without removal of any fastening. Many designs for day or evening wear. Write for Illustrated Catalogue.

SIMPLE MORNING FROCK OF FINE BLUE SERGE. BODICE HAS CROSSOVER EFFECT, AND A LARGE COLLAR OF SHELL PINK. WAISTBAND FINISHED WITH BUTTONS.  
Price 7½ Gns.

DAINTY LAYETTE

## BARRI

72, Baker Street, London, W.

BELTS CORSETS

**Stellite Cars**

PRE-WAR STELLITE CARS MADE A REPUTATION BASED ON QUALITY & RELIABILITY. POST-WAR MODELS WILL ENHANCE IT.

ADD YOUR NAME TO OUR "WAITING LIST" FOR EARLY DELIVERY AFTER THE WAR.

THE ELECTRIC & ORDNANCE ACCESSORIES CO. LTD.

WARD END WORKS  
LONDON AGENTS  
WOLSELEY MOTORS LTD  
YORK ST. WESTMINSTER.

BIRMINGHAM

TELEGRAMS AUTOVENT. VIC. LONDON  
PHONE 6220 VICTORIA GUNES

**From PRIVATE to GENERAL**

They all enjoy a wash with

# WRIGHT'S

## Coal Tar Soap.

(The Soldiers' Soap.)

**It Soothes, Protects, Heals.**

In United Kingdom, 4d. per Tablet.  
In Australia, Canada, India, and British Colonies, 6d. per Tablet.



# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

THE EMPLOYMENT OF DISCHARGED SOLDIERS: FOG, AND A COMEDY OF HEAD-LAMPS.

## Wounded Motor-Men.

Some time ago an agitation was set afoot with the object of teaching disabled soldiers to drive motor-cars, and incidentally much discussion was waged round the point as to how far it was possible for a one-armed or one-legged man to control a car. Long before that time, however, the Royal Automobile Club and kindred bodies had established a Central Committee for the Employment of Discharged Soldiers and Sailors who, before the war, were connected with the motor industry, and in this case the sphere of employment to be sought was not confined to motor-car driving alone. In other words, the motoring bodies banded themselves together to find employment in any quarter for the men of their own ranks, and much useful work has been accomplished to that end. Indeed, it has even been found possible to put men into the way of earning a livelihood who had lost both legs, for labour is so short that in various directions employers are glad to find anyone with the use of his hands and arms.

## Volunteers Wanted.

At the present moment, however, the central committee is addressing itself particularly to the question of obtaining work for drivers, and finds that it is not safe to accept the ordinary Army discharge, as it does not indicate the existing condition of the holder's health. Many men who may consider themselves fit for driving work may, nevertheless, have had their nerves so seriously affected that it would be unwise to put them in charge of cars. The committee has therefore decided that all applicants for employment in future must obtain a medical certificate as to their present state of health when registering, and a special form has been drawn up for the purpose. This form must be signed by a medical practitioner, who will be asked to state his opinion as to the applicant's fitness or otherwise for driving work, and, if not, to indicate what other kind of work the man is capable of performing. On this account, therefore, the committee wish to get into touch with doctors throughout the country generally who will be willing to examine men for the purpose named. Of course, the committee fully appreciate the fact that doctors are working at very high pressure, but feel sure that many will be prepared to assist the cause of motoring in this way, and also

to accept a nominal fee from the applicant. Practitioners who can contrive, in spite of the many claims upon their time, to do this benevolent office on behalf of our wounded are asked to communicate with the committee at 83, Pall Mall, S.W. In addition to examining applicants, the assistance of general practitioners would also be invaluable in the way of advice to the committee in specified cases, as they possess an intimate knowledge of the conditions of life prevalent in their districts. Most doctors are motorists nowadays, and it is to be hoped that a satisfactory response will accrue from the committee's appeal.

## A Lighting Joke.

When, two years ago, I bought a new car, contenting myself with something much more modest than I had been accustomed to in days of peace, it was duly equipped with a very fine electric starting and lighting installation, of the well-known C.A.V. type. But though I was able to revel in the self-starting apparatus, and never had occasion once to turn my engine by hand for a year and nine months, when I temporarily let the battery run down, I was quite unable, thanks to the Defence of the Realm Act, to profit by the beautiful pair of powerful head-lamps which adorned the forefront of the car. Before head-lamps were prohibited altogether, they were banned in London, and I never once found myself in a country district at night where I could have switched on something like a 3000-candle-power gleam had I so desired. And now, quaintly enough, I have used them for the first time, despite the fact that they are everywhere taboo! Of course, the explanation is the fog that recently enveloped London and elsewhere in so drastic a fashion that even in "broad" daylight one could hardly see a foot beyond one's nose. I had perforce to make a given journey, and, finding that, even with the side-lamps alight, I stood a strong risk of running into or being run into by other vehicles, I turned on my big lamps for the first time. There is no proviso in the lighting regulations as to the use of lamps between sunrise and sunset, and, though I passed sundry wondering policemen who looked uncertain as to what to do, none of them actively interfered. Even with the head-lamps, however, I could only crawl, and was mightily thankful to reach my journey's end.



VERY USEFUL TO WOUNDED SOLDIERS: AN ELECTRIC SELF-PROPELLED BATH-CHAIR.

These electrically propelled bath-chairs, which the occupant can drive himself, are a great boon to wounded men. They are made by Messrs. Carter, the well-known surgical engineers, of New Cavendish Street, who turn out a number of them every week as the demand increases.



THE MOTOR VEHICLE IN WAR: A GROUP OF WAGONS AND CARS AT A FRENCH GUN-POSITION.

Photograph by C.N.